

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1886.

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The Church and the People.

IT is impossible to ignore the fact that the spiritual progress of the Church in England is at the present time very slow, that the tide of conversions seems slack, and that our losses, from one cause or another, more than counterbalance our gains. This is not a popular view, but any one who has read Mr. Lucas's paper in this Review for July, 1885, and has weighed the facts on which it was based,¹ must admit that it is a true one. The paper in question was largely ignored by the Catholic Press, but it was nowhere controverted; its facts were unchallenged and its conclusions were nowhere called in question. It is not to be wondered at that our papers prefer to record the testimonies and triumphs of our material progress, which is certainly very great. Catholics are no longer denied the rights of citizens; some among them are even courted. Large and beautiful churches rise up on every side; religious orders and communities are multiplied; the very records of history, now brought into daylight, testify in our favour; the prejudices of a Protestant nation are dying out day by day. We are not unnaturally pleased at all this; and we dignify by the name of tolerance what is really only indifference. When the average Englishman believed in Protestantism he naturally hated its antithesis; he has ceased to place credence in the one and therefore does not trouble himself about the other.

It is not my intention to speculate upon the causes which render conversions among the educated classes comparatively unfrequent: they are many and varied, prominent among them being the specious attractions of Ritualism, and the influence of the Anglican Confessional, which is much more extended than

¹ This is summarized in the following note to the *Life of Frederick Lucas* (vol. i. p. 161)—a remarkable work, which, although fully noticed in this Review, has received less attention than it deserves from the Catholic weekly press. "According to the last calculation, the Catholics in Great Britain have increased since 1841 at a rate somewhat lower than that of the whole population. Yet more than three quarters of a million Catholics have come from Ireland to live here, to say nothing of their natural increase, and of the large number of conversions continually occurring."

is generally supposed. This is only one side of the question ; and the experience of priests in large missions shows that among the poor conversions are numerous. It is not, however, so much that converts are fewer, as that our own people in great numbers are falling away. It was but the other day that I was told of a family of three generations, numbering forty-seven in all : of these only the original father and mother are faithful to their religion, which has been entirely abandoned by the remaining five-and-forty. The causes of this falling off are also many and varied : mixed marriages, board schools, the un-Catholic atmosphere which we breathe—these are but some among them.

Whether we desire to preserve our own people from falling away, or to convert "the crowds of this sweet land," it is evident that our first aim must be to bring them within the reach of religious influences. It is useless for a preacher to denounce sins unless he can get the sinners within sound of his voice : and as to the Protestant—"how shall he hear without a preacher?" In the latter case, I am not without hope that, in God's own good time, some movement in the direction of out-door preaching will be taken up by priests suited to this work and duly authorized to undertake it : at present our aim must be to bring people into our churches. Are we doing all we can in this direction ? and do we make our churches and our services as attractive as we might ? I hope it will not be considered presumptuous if I venture to answer the latter question at least in the negative, at the same time offering a few suggestions which may possibly commend themselves to some who read this paper. It is true that a layman's province in such matters is to hear rather than to speak ; but in some respects, just because he *is* a layman, and especially if he happens to be a convert, he is more likely than many ecclesiastics to know how such things affect those whom we all, priest or layman, desire to reach.

It is not a layman, however, but a very eminent ecclesiastic, who has lately struck a bold note when dealing with this subject. A Manchester newspaper, some few weeks since, reported that the Bishop of Salford, preaching at the Church of the Holy Name,

Expressed his pleasure at finding that the congregation enjoyed in a very large measure the benefit of lectures and courses of instruction on Scripture, history, science in its relations with religion, the relations of the Church to the present day, and like matters ; and also urged the

desirableness of popular devotions being more and more resorted to in congregations. The Church permitted and encouraged the use of popular devotions in the vernacular. Not only was it useful for those who were outside the Catholic Church to understand the prayers which were said and the hymns which were sung in popular devotions, but it was of the greatest advantage to the people themselves that they should take part personally in the prayers and hymns; and it was better that the afternoon and evening services should be conducted in English, in the language which all people could readily understand. The bishops of this country felt the great importance of developing popular devotions amongst the people, and by the clergy in all parts of the country, and by great numbers of the thoughtful laity a desire had been expressed to have again those old English prayers which served their fathers as instruction and consolation through days of persecution. Accordingly the bishops had drawn up a manual of English prayers for congregational use at popular devotions, and he hoped that within a few weeks it would be published, and would be in the hands of all the people.

What Dr. Vaughan has thus recently advocated he has for many years put into practice in his own Cathedral. A very simple yet liturgical form of prayer—a sort of modified Vespers, but in English—forms the Sunday evening service; and the congregation, so his Lordship informed me, has very greatly increased since its introduction. It has always seemed to me that Compline in English would form a very suitable form of worship for Sunday evenings. The custom adopted in some London churches of having Vespers in the afternoon and a vernacular service in the evening meets the difficulty raised by those who think the public recitation of Vespers a matter of importance. In small churches, where there is only one evening service, Dr. Vaughan's plea for the vernacular will, it is to be hoped, take effect. It is quite certain that Vespers is not appreciated by the bulk of the people, nor is this to be wondered at. They cannot understand it. There is no great act going on which appeals to their devotion and with which they can unite themselves, as at Mass; the Psalms, even in English, are not always easy of comprehension, and they are not able to take any part in the service.

If this is true of our own people, how much more is it so of outsiders! And it must not be overlooked that the English taste finds something peculiarly attractive in an evening service. In large towns the Sunday evening attendance at Protestant churches and chapels often, if not usually, exceeds that of the morning, so completely has the offering of the Morning Sacrifice been obliterated from the national mind: and in our

own churches the casual spectator is more frequently found at Benediction than at High Mass.

One great means of attracting people—both Catholics and Protestants—to our services would be the prominent use of vernacular hymns. We have only to listen outside any Protestant church or chapel, and we shall hear with what fervour the people throw themselves into that part of the service; and it is not easy to account for the neglect of hymn-singing among ourselves. Probably it is a relic of penal times, when only the absolutely necessary offices of religion could be celebrated, and those in secrecy and silence. The importance of this adjunct to our worship has been so well summed up by the sweet singer with whose name Protestant as well as Catholic hymn-lovers are familiar (and to whom indeed we owe most of the hymns in use amongst ourselves) that an extract from his writings may be given. Writing in 1849 the preface to his volume of hymns, Father Faber says:

There is scarcely anything which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one who has had experience among the English poor, knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme, is sufficient: the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are said to be sometimes found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter-influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism in the land of its birth. The *Cantiques* of the French Missions and the *Laudi Spirituali* of Italy are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary; and it would seem that the Oratory, with its "perpetual domestic mission," first led the way in this matter. St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon.

At the London Oratory, as is natural, Father Faber's hymns hold a prominent place in the evening services; and in some small country churches hymn-singing is congregational. But in our large towns, where it might be most effectively employed, it is for the most part neglected. An English hymn may,

indeed, be sung while the candles are being lighted for Benediction ; but it is usually left to the gallery choir, who render it in a lifeless manner, ill-calculated, and indeed not intended, to induce the congregation to take a part.

We have, indeed, plenty of English hymn-books, but the very variety of these is a hindrance to congregational singing. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that an authorized collection of hymns may form part of the forthcoming manual of English prayers, or be issued as a supplement to it. If the numbers of the hymns to be sung were posted up in a conspicuous place, as is often done at children's services, the congregation would know what was to be sung ; and if the hymns were accompanied with full organ, the shyness which people feel when they hear their own voices too distinctly would be removed. I have known an effective and popular service arranged thus : hymn, night prayers, hymn, sermon, hymn, Benediction. This seemed appreciated by the Catholics of the congregation, and intelligible to Protestants.

The Benediction service offers great scope for congregational singing ; and the *Ritus servandus*, which carries with it the authority of the First Synod of Westminster, especially contemplates this. "Let the music of this rite," it says, "be of a character most grave and sweet, harmonized in the most simple manner and of easy execution ; or what is still better, it might be such music as the whole flock could join in, so that one voice and one song of praise might rise to the throne of God." In small chapels, again, we may find such a union of melody as this ; but in our large churches, "Webbe" or plain chant seem beneath the notice of the choir ; an elaborate, and by no means "grave" and "simple," if not an absolutely profane, style of music is introduced ; the people are out of it altogether, and the precept of the *Ritus* is apparently unknown.

It is interesting to note that the practice of hymn-singing in the Church of England, now so general, is of comparatively recent growth, and is not provided for by the Book of Common Prayer, in the morning and evening offices of which there is no provision for a hymn being sung. A rubric provides that "in choirs and places where they sing" there shall be an anthem ; but congregational hymn-singing is nowhere referred to. Until the appearance of the "Hymnal Noted," about 1852, I believe, the High Church party contented themselves with the metrical version of the Psalms and the two or three hymns to be found

at the end of the Book of Common Prayer ; it was not until the publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," some ten years later, followed by numerous similar compilations, of almost equal excellence but of less pronounced teaching, that hymn-singing became general and popular throughout the Establishment. Until then, it had, I fancy, been looked upon as somewhat savouring of Dissent, as it was largely confined to the Low Church party. The popular services in the English cathedrals, the growth of choral gatherings, and similar developments, gave a great impetus to hymn-singing among Anglicans. Its absence among ourselves is the more remarkable when we reflect upon the thousands of children passing yearly through our schools, to all of whom hymn-singing is a familiar exercise, who must know by heart the greater number of our popular hymns, and who, indeed, are often required to know certain of them as a condition of passing the Religious Examination. Their silence seems to show that they require encouragement. If, for two or three years, every child leaving school could be induced to frequent, and sing at, the evening services, we should soon have a vast improvement in this respect.

A great deal more voluntary choir work might be undertaken, to the saving of considerable expense to the clergy, and the strengthening and developing the hold of the Church upon young men. Many a lad would be present at Vespers and Benediction if he felt that his help was needed or desired, either as server or member of the choir ; the attendance in the sanctuary every Sunday evening of some thirty schoolboys and young men in one of our poorest London missions is evidence of this. Anything that brings a lad within the four walls of a church can hardly fail to be a blessing to himself and to many associated with him.

The custom of charging for seats is a hindrance in many ways. No doubt it is easily defended on the ground of necessity : the *res angusta domi* is an argument that cannot be gainsaid. But no one can doubt that it *is* a hindrance, not only to those without the fold, but to our own poor : and it is certainly one of the reasons that prevent them coming to an evening service. In our large churches, there are usually several Low Masses, at which there is either no charge or a very small one ; and the necessity of complying with the precept of the Church ensures attendance. But in the evening it is different ; there is no obligation ; the aisles, to which there is no charge, are uncomfortably full ; the few pence required if the family want

to go to Benediction can be ill-spared from the scanty store; and so the father and mother stay away. The boys who have left school do not care to go to the afternoon Benediction with "the kids;" the streets or lanes are very attractive; so, alas! is the company to be found in them. The result is, that while the attendance of our working lads at the Sunday Mass is lamentably small, in the evening they are almost entirely unrepresented. This is not to be wondered at; even in the case of boys who are more or less amenable to influence, it is impossible to urge the attendance at Benediction, if it entails an expense of twopence or threepence per head.

I venture to think that one of St. Philip's modes of attraction might be tried with satisfactory results; though in this, as in other cases, the suggestion is offered with all deference to those whose province it is to decide what shall and what shall not be done. It will be remembered that St. Philip, finding that young people would not come to church in the afternoons, hit upon the plan of having concerts of sacred music in his Oratory. These concerts were divided into two parts, the Saint delivering a short discourse between them. They became popular; and gave rise to the "Oratorio" of more recent days, which (although probably few Protestants are aware of the fact) perpetuates in its name the work of the Chiesa Nuova. At the Little Oratory the sons of St. Philip, ever true to the practice of their holy founder, give the "Oratorio," as St. Philip founded it, from time to time: and of late years, both at St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, the "Passion Music" has been given in the same way, a sermon being preached between the two parts of the performance.

The idea of such a service is certainly not new to some among ourselves. Some years since, a London priest, deprecating the performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* as part of a Sunday evening service, said, "If they would take the Blessed Sacrament out of the church, and have a concert of sacred music, I should quite approve of the plan." Now-a-days, Protestants are in many places introducing "organ recitals" and performances of the *Messiah* and other sacred music in churches, not as a religious service, but apparently as a means of elevating the tastes of the people, and bringing them within the walls of a church. There is certainly as great need in our large towns of to-day as there could have been in the Rome of three centuries back to devise means of attracting people to church. Is it presumptuous to suggest that the means found

efficacious by St. Philip then might be now-a-days powerful instruments for good in the hands of those who profess the creed which St. Philip adorned?

There are certain offices other than Vespers, and of only occasional occurrence, which are scarcely suitable to the people: Tenebræ may be taken as an example. We are inclined to think that a poor congregation would derive more benefit from a sermon on the Passion, from the reading of the Gospel narrative thereof, or from the Stations of the Cross, than from this long, though, to the more educated, very beautiful and touching service. If the people were a little more considered, we should not find, as we may, Tenebræ substituted for the daily evening devotions, and that at a time when the poor cannot come; so that on three days at least of the most solemn week of the year, there is no evening service which the unlettered can understand, or take part in. The observance of Good Friday among us leaves much to be desired. The poor seem to enter but little into its spirit, nor is this to be wondered at if the only services are the Mass of the Presanctified—solemn as it is, and inexpressibly affecting to those who can enter into the meaning of its ceremonies—in the morning and Tenebræ in the afternoon or evening. I am, as I know, by no means alone in having felt that the Ritualistic school in the Establishment has done a great deal in England to bring home to the people the solemnity of the day. But in doing this they are at variance with the religious body to which they belong; for the very services on which the Ritualists mainly rely for producing this effect are as foreign in letter as in spirit to the Book of Common Prayer, in which we shall search in vain for any indication of "The Three Hours," or the Stations of the Cross.

A visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the morning; Stations in the afternoon; and the "Sorrowful Mysteries" in the evening, with one or two suitable hymns, might well be added in large churches to the Liturgical Offices: in small ones, Stations might replace Tenebræ. In many small missions, there is, I believe, no evening service on Good Friday. I know of one in which this rule had prevailed for many years, the priest having thought that people would not come to church in the evening; and he was surprised, and of course greatly pleased, to see the large congregation which rewarded his experiment.

An attempt has lately been made to render the Holy Week services more intelligible to the people by the printing and distributing of short explanations of the ceremonies

observed. This excellent undertaking originated last year at Arundel, and was this year adopted by the Catholic Truth Society. A series of five leaflets—for Palm Sunday, Tenebræ, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday respectively—are issued separately at very small cost; the five being also published in a wrapper, thus forming a simple but compendious guide to the services for Holy Week. The separate leaflets were distributed in some of our principal churches, both in London and in the country; and it seems likely that next year they will be extensively used. The morning offices for Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, and Good Friday, have also been printed separately in full for distribution, at the cost of one penny each. In this way much may be done to popularize these services, and to render them intelligible, not only to Protestants, but to our own people, who are often profoundly ignorant of the meaning of the most ordinary ceremonials.

In the early days of the Truth Society, two leaflets were issued, entitled *Come and See* and *I'll kneel if the others will*, the former being a short and simple explanation of High Mass, and the latter of Benediction. When the Society was re-established two years ago, these leaflets—which had long been out of print—were at once re-issued, and have been already largely circulated. What is wanted to make these really useful, however, to the class for whom they are specially intended, is that they should be placed in the seats of those of our churches most frequented by Protestants; or better still, distributed at the doors by one or two young men willing to undertake the work. Here is a work of Christian charity, similar to that of St. Philip to the Ethiopian eunuch, and one which, we may venture to hope, will be similarly blessed. We must not forget that the attacks of Protestants on our holy religion are almost always based upon an entire misconception of what that religion teaches; and that, if their notion of it were true, their condemnation would be deserved. To many Protestants the Catholic Faith is still associated with the worship of images and payment for sins, with leave to commit crimes for money, with immorality condoned, with persecution, burnings, and wholesale slaughterings, and similar crimes. How can they understand, except some man show them?

By helping those who, although outside the Church, are yet attracted by her own nameless and indefinable attraction to her services—to understand the inner meaning of the outward signs of religion—much, very much, may be done towards bringing

the Church into closer relations with the people. Are there not among us many who can trace their own conversion to what we would term an "accident?"—to the reading of a Catholic book, the hearing of a sermon in a Catholic church, a chance conversation with a Catholic friend, an attendance at Benediction? If this be so—and who doubts it—are not we bound to use every means in our power to extend to others those blessings which we ourselves have received? Not only, though primarily, "by kindly word and virtuous life," is the "Faith of our Fathers" to be brought home more closely to those who are wandering from its fold, or to be set clearly before the many thousands all around us who are strangers to its sweet yoke. And not to these alone, but, as St. Paul reminds us, "especially to those who are of the household of the faith," it is our duty to do good by all the means in our power; and what good can be greater than that which comes from a faithful following of the Church's teaching?

We must pray, and we must work—*laborare est orare*. We must avail ourselves of all those aids to publicity which the present age offers so freely to all who will take them; we must turn the weapons of the world against itself. "The Press," says the Bishop of Salford, "is an instrument in our hands. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil." And it is an instrument, too, which we can use for the advancement of our own people as well as for the instruction of those outside the Church.

These are some of the thoughts that occur to me regarding the more immediate relationship of the Church to the people. In my previous papers,² I have tried to show some of the ways in which we might attain spiritual ends by temporal means; and I hope yet to touch on one or two other aspects of the question from this point of view, which is certainly the more fitting one for a layman. If I have seemed on the present occasion to go beyond my province, to be speaking when I should rather be listening, or to be assuming the office of a teacher, when I should fill the place of a pupil—such has not been my intention: and if apology is needed, I in all sincerity offer it.

JAMES BRITTEN.

² *Catholic Clubs* (MONTH, October, 1885); *Catholic Lending Libraries* (MONTH, February, 1886); *Catholic Popular Literature* (MONTH, May, 1886).

Henrietta Kerr.

PART THE SECOND.

WE have hitherto seen Henrietta Kerr steadily advancing in that detachment from her own will and her natural inclinations, for which there is plenty of scope even in the happy life she led in her ideal English home. But now she was to be like a child at school who is moved into a higher class, where the lessons are far more difficult and some of them altogether new. The postulanship and subsequent noviceship involved trials and sacrifices which could scarcely be appreciated until she had experienced them. She could not realize, amid the joy with which she looked forward to a more perfect life, how deeply rooted and intense was the clinging love and devotion that she entertained for her home and its inmates. She had been mortifying herself ever since her childhood, but her separation from home was a source of suffering to her which no voluntary mortifications could anticipate. When the first excitement of the change was past, there crept over her the inevitable home-sickness, the fond remembrance of the pure and happy joys of home, a depression and discouragement and desolation, which was all the more painful and endured the longer by reason of her deep, unselfish, reverential love for her father and mother, and her fond attachment to all the members of the little circle, from which she had shut herself out for ever. "Her heart," says her biographer, "was almost torn in two by the wrench of separation from parents and home, and the new life on which she had entered seemed at first hard and very strange."¹ Yet her habits of long self-conquest stood her in good stead, and to all appearance she was gay and light-hearted. "Among the postulants," she writes to her mother in November, 1863, "I have the reputation of possessing a *caractère radieux*, which is a proof that my exterior is not so very melancholy." She was clothed on December 27, 1863, and with the noviceship

¹ *Life of Henrietta Kerr*, p. 85.

her new life begins in earnest, and we come to a fresh and a very important stage in her career. Now there dawns upon her for the first time the type of sanctity to which God was calling her, but yet dimly and indistinctly, and to be developed and brought into definite shape only by slow degrees, just as at first her vocation to religious life was dim and indistinct, and took shape very slowly and gradually. Here we must go back a little, since already there had been in her previous life strange shadows of the future, such as God sometimes sends to His chosen favourites long before they have begun to turn their faces steadily towards the reality which was thus foreshadowed.

Henrietta, like every one else who lives in the world, had very frequently encountered in the streets beggars dressed in rags. But on two occasions, once in London at the corner of Berkeley Square, and once in Rome at the door of the Church of Santa Maria dei Monti, she had encountered beggars who made upon her an irresistible and unaccountable impression. All her soul was drawn towards them, and she, a well-bred English lady, was seized with an eager and yet deep longing to clothe herself in their rags. What could there be in their filthy tatters to give them such an extraordinary fascination?²

She herself thought (and similar graces in her after-life gave, as we shall see, some ground for her persuasion) that our Blessed Lord had in His mercy deigned thus to manifest Himself to one who was to be hereafter His chosen spouse. Even if this were not so, she was convinced that there was something supernatural about these two beggars. Why should they, to the exclusion of all the hundreds and thousands she had seen elsewhere, make such an indelible impression and rouse in her such a longing after their unattractive garb? It was, in fact, no aimless portent. It was a sort of allegory which set forth the kind of holiness to which she was destined. At the time it created in her nothing else than the strange desire to be dressed in rags like theirs; but when she looked back on it afterwards, it was the first link in a chain leading up to Heaven.

It was during her noviceship that the first outline begins to be filled in a little, just as her early desire after God began first to be filled in during her retreat at Edinburgh. These beggars

² "Je me rappelais [she writes in the notes of her retreat in 1872] ces deux rencontres à 18 et à 20 ans dans une rue, avec des mendiants et comme toute mon âme fut captivée par leurs haillons, et mon désir impétueux, mais profond, de les revêtir."

had been to her the visible symbols of the poverty to which God called her. The rest of her life was to consist in the development and growth of this spirit of poverty. She had still twenty years to live. During the first eight of these years the previous process was being carried on, the growing into shape of that form of virtue for which she was to be conspicuous. During the last twelve she practised the virtue which she had gained. The turning-point was her long retreat in 1872, when God manifested to her that poverty joined to simplicity was to be the means of her perfection.

We must try to make clear to our readers what this poverty was. It was not a life of destitution, or even one in which from time to time the pinch of poverty is felt. Nor, again, was it merely that spirit of poverty which is common to all the religious orders, and which consists in dependence on their Superiors in all their needs, and the inability to possess or to use anything as their own. It included this, but it was something more. It was a life of spiritual poverty. Spiritual poverty comprises something more than poverty of spirit. It involves a self-renunciation from which even many good religious would shrink back affrighted. The spiritual poverty to which God called Henrietta Kerr was nothing else than what we may call spiritual destitution. It was nothing less than the willing abandonment, not merely of all the joys and pleasures of earth, but even of all the good things that God has promised in this life to those who love Him. It was a relinquishing of the hundred-fold which our Lord assured to those who should relinquish for Him home and family, parents and possessions and worldly prospects. It was an offer, not merely to carry the Cross after our Lord, not merely to suffer with Him and for Him, but to suffer for Him without any of that consolation and joy in suffering which sweetens the bitterness of the chalice, and even makes it welcome, and pleasant to the taste. It was the willing acceptance of spiritual miseries, the renunciation of any gift from God save only the gift of feeling the want of God and refusing to be satisfied with ought but Him. It was that complete annihilation of self which asks for self nothing save that it may be annihilated, which seeks for no graces and no reward save the grace of serving Him gratis and the reward of seeking no reward from His hand. It cares not the least what happens to self so long as the will of God is done. It is beggary rather than poverty. It desires to imitate the *rôle* of a beggar, who "has nothing of

his own, who receives but cannot give, who can render no service to the house in which he lives (for he is too dirty for that), whose sole business is to receive alms, and so enable his hosts to put in practice their charity, who can lay claim to nothing save an abject condition and a grateful heart."³

All through her life Henrietta Kerr had been attracted to poverty. It was not only on the two signal instances of which we have spoken that she was drawn to love the poor. It had almost been one of her natural instincts, which grace had raised and strengthened. In the guise of dependence it had been still more her favourite virtue: towards her parents she had always shown a spirit of dependence, the docile anxiety to carry out their wishes rather than her own had driven her self-will out of the field at an early age. In the noviceship she never had any difficulty in obeying. The wish of her Superior once ascertained, all other considerations at once disappeared. But in this third sense poverty was far more difficult of attainment even to one so advanced as she was on her entrance into religion; indeed she had never realized its beauty. It requires an eye illumined by a very bright light from God to perceive anything desirable in being thus void of all that nature craves after in the spiritual order, and to rejoice in all that runs counter to the harmless impulses of the natural man. To take a pleasure in being inactive is so difficult for an active mind, that it is altogether out of the reach of ordinary mortals. The most we can hope is patiently to acquiesce in the will of God. To take a pleasure in being destitute of all consolation seems almost a paradox; to take a pleasure in realizing and appreciating our own vileness and nothingness is no less arduous an enterprize. No wonder that even such an *âme de choix* as Henrietta Kerr took many years to learn the lesson perfectly, even after she had appreciated the beauty of it and determined that with God's help this gift should be hers. But we cannot give a better explanation of what it was she set before herself as her ideal, than by quoting the words of a little prayer addressed by her at Christmas-time many years later (1874) to the Holy Child Jesus:

Dear little Holy Child,—Thou knowest that of all Thy riches I covet but one thing, Thy poverty and Thy misery; and if asking this

³ "Qu'est un mendiant? . . . un être qui n'a rien, qui reçoit, mais qui ne peut rien rendre. . . . Peut il rendre service dans la maison? Non, il est trop sale. . . . Son rôle est d'accepter l'aumône, d'exercer la charité de ses hôtes . . . de ne prétendre qu'à l'abjection et à la reconnaissance" (From notes of retreat, 1872).

be too much, give me nothing, and I shall be satisfied ; for "nothing" has won every fibre of my heart and every power of my soul.

Thy poor beggar,

H. K.

We have said that in the spiritual life of all servants of God there are certain periods marked off from each other by the attainment of a higher level, the acquisition of some fresh virtue which had not risen before above the horizon of the soul. It was in the course of her noviceship that Henrietta Kerr first began to understand the meaning for her of *poverty* and *simplicity*. We happily know the occasion on which the idea first presented itself to her mind. Writing in 1872, she says :

Since my childhood my drawing has been to poverty and simplicity. In the noviceship the reading of the treatise of Mother Agatha de Varax seemed to make it clear to me that God wished of me the joyful acceptance of all my spiritual miseries, thanking God for them. Since then the desire of poverty and suffering and a joyous and loving conformity to the will of God, forgetting myself to see only Him, and find satisfaction only in Him, have been the star which has guided me constantly and surely.

Dim indeed and indistinct was her vision of it at the first. All that was clear was that it meant the joyful acceptance of her spiritual miseries, and that the star that had risen was that perfect resignation to God's will which seems to simple souls an easy lesson to learn, and yet is really one of the most difficult in the whole world, one of the hardest problems in the science of the saints, one which enables him who has learned it to say : "Henceforth I live ; now, not I, but Christ lives in me. To me to live is Christ, to die is gain." But it was not in the noviceship that Henrietta Kerr learned this lesson in detail. Years had to pass before she understood what it was to ask of our Lord that she might be content to receive nothing from Him save the privilege of being willing to receive nothing. Years had to pass, years full of suffering and darkness, before she had attained that best and highest gift of following the Divine impulse, not only here and there, and when the voice within spoke in unmistakeable tones, but everywhere and on all occasions ; not only when the difficulty of choice forced the pious soul to call to mind its dependence on its God, but where there was no difficulty and the way seemed plain enough ; not only in times set apart for God or at certain periods or landmarks of

the day, but as a permanent and continuous habit, such as God asked of Abraham when He said, "Walk before Me and be perfect." This was what Henrietta Kerr meant when she spoke of *simplicity* as being united to poverty in the task of drawing her from her childhood upwards. It was really poverty under another aspect. As poverty is the relinquishment of self, so simplicity is the adoption of God in the place of self. As poverty clears away the mist of self-love which is prone to obscure the Divine light, so simplicity turns the eye of the soul towards the light and keeps it ever fixed there. As poverty will consent to the presence of no created thing which can distract the soul from God, so simplicity rejoices in this unimpeded liberty to bask in the light of God, and God alone.

But we must return to the history of Henrietta Kerr's noviceship. The actual work done in her soul during it seems to have been chiefly the subduing of the natural affections to the supernatural love of God. This was the previous work that was necessary before these virtues of poverty and simplicity could develop themselves within her. "During my early years," she writes of herself, some years later, "I mortified my body, during my noviceship I mortified my heart." The noviceship is a trying time to almost all, and the trials of the noviceship must have been doubly trying to one so sensitive and impressionable, of a nature so determined and yet so timid and delicate. The home sickness lasted long. Then came frequent and unaccountable attacks of the dumps—in private, not in public, for she had schooled herself to conceal them from others, and was able always to be cheerful and gay at recreation—and, worst of all, a panic seized her from time to time that she would fail and be ignominiously turned out of the Order. A new trial too was in store for her. Her repugnance to teaching, which had been dormant during the postulanship and the early part of the noviceship, presented itself afresh. She had an insuperable dislike to employment in the school, and the devil was ingenious in his use of this natural dread of an occupation for which she believed herself incapable. He fostered in her the tendency to self-criticism which was always ready from her childhood to make its appearance on the slightest provocation. He tried to persuade her that she was utterly useless for the purposes of the Institute and unsuited for the work to which the Society of the Sacred Heart especially devotes itself. He tried to make her believe that she was called to an interior life and a union with

our Lord which was incompatible with the active exterior duties of a schoolmistress, and would fain have made her long after an imaginary perfection in some purely contemplative order, instead of the perfection to which she was really called. But our Lord, who never failed to watch and guard His faithful servant, sent her a dream (if dream it was) that put an end to her misgivings respecting her vocation and life of teaching.

She dreamt that she was as usual sweeping a very long corridor, off which the noviceship opened, and which led from the chapel to the school. Here she saw our Lord, with His Face turned in the direction of the school, and addressing Him she said: "Do not go that way, my Lord; come this way," showing Him the direction of the chapel, "where it is all so quiet." She could never forget the sternness of His look as He passed her by and said: "*You* may go to the chapel; *I* am going to the school."

Towards the end of her first year's noviceship she is able to write: "Do you know I have quite given up my dumps; I find one gets on so much better without them."

Her second year of noviceship brought her another form of sacrifice. An attack of bronchitis following on scarlatina left behind it a permanent delicacy of chest and lungs. It was during this illness that God sent her a second light respecting the virtue He asked of her—or rather, a light which put before her a new aspect of the lesson she had begun to learn from the treatise of Mère de Varax:

I have had for my companion [she writes to her mother] a delightful little collection of letters from an S.J. Father, in which it is proved that perfection is not to be found in *things*, but simply in the accomplishment of God's will hour by hour, leaving Him the entire direction of everything exterior and interior; and when one is sick in bed, things are much simplified.

What else was this but *poverty* and *simplicity* applied to daily life? "The accomplishment of God's will from hour to hour!" This was to be the one aim of her life as it is of every life which aspires to perfection. It seems so simple, yet to practise it is to be a saint!

It was thought better that she should spend the winter in a warmer climate, and she left Conflans for Rome in August, 1865. At Marseilles, a fresh attack of illness compelled her to remain for some time, and it was not till the beginning of

December that she arrived in Rome. It was in Rome, at the Trinità dei Monti, that Henrietta Kerr took her vows.

At Rome she remained for seven years—seven years which were the decisive period in her career. They were seven years of famine as far as sensible consolation or comfort were concerned, but happily she had laid up in her soul a goodly store of provision, which enabled her to pass those years not only without receiving in her soul any harm from the lack of bread, but with the greatest possible benefit to spiritual advancement. They were seven years of darkness and of suffering, years during which the gold had to pass through the fire, that it might at the end come forth purged of all its dross.

The external record of her life at Rome shows scarce a trace of the struggle within. Her letters, like her intercourse with others, are always cheerful, and it is only here and there, between the lines, that we learn that a battle was being carried on within. Those who visited her convent little guessed that the young English religious, delicate, gentle, tender-hearted, yet ever blithe and merry, and full of fun, was enduring an interior martyrdom of which God alone was witness. Her sickness had left behind a delicacy and weakness of body which affected her spirits, and made life often very burdensome and very trying. The climate moreover was such a contrast to the life-giving, invigorating climate of her Scottish home, and combined with her weak health to drag down to earth the ambitious soul which was imprisoned in her suffering body. Languor and depression were the not unfrequent visitants of her silent hours. The hours of active employment furnished fresh sources of suffering. She was overworked: the work assigned her by obedience was quite enough for her strength, and beside this she constantly volunteered, in her unselfish, eager, impulsive charity, to aid others in their work. She was always so full of energy and brightness, that her Superiors did not perceive that she was overtaxing her strength, and did not interfere with the external activity for which she had to pay the price of secret suffering. It was, moreover, the will of God that her very successes should turn to her greater humiliation. The children of the school were so devoted to her that they must needs follow her everywhere, and in consequence her path was often marked by accompanying disorders. The thoughtless little crowd that was her escort in the school-rooms, recreation-rooms, garden, became disorderly and troublesome, and the blame naturally fell on their

undeserving mistress. This was a serious cross to her. She took it as a mark of the mischief such a person as she was likely to do in the Society of the Sacred Heart. This preyed upon her mind, and the idea grew upon her that she would be not only useless, but positively mischievous to the Order, and that sooner or later she would be dismissed as unworthy of her high vocation. A voice seemed to whisper in her ear that she would not only be expelled the Order, but in the end would lose her soul. The enemy of souls saw her natural tendency to self-criticism, to the persuasion that she was not and never could be any "good," and to the belief that she could never hope to be anything but utterly mediocre. He told her she had neglected so many graces, and so misused God's wonderful goodness to her, that she must expect Him to withdraw Himself from her, and that this present darkness was the beginning of the eternal desolation and despair which she had prepared for herself.

It was indeed a terrible trial, one which God in His wisdom permitted, not as a mere passing phase of her life, but as one which constantly presented itself before her with a persistency against which she fought in vain. Yet even in her darkest moments, God was watching over His servant, and preserving her from any willing consent to these thoughts of despondency. Nay, she was gaining continual and ever-increasing merit by the struggle. She was advancing with rapid steps, though she knew it not, along the road to perfection. But this did not make the conflict less agonizing: if God was present to her, a thick veil concealed the light of His presence: if she never lost heart or hope, it seemed to her as if all hope was gone, and she was left to the well-merited punishment of her infidelities and sins. The Evil One, in his hatred of her, and his shrewd suspicion of a high degree of holiness already attained, and one still higher soon to come, assailed her also in other fashion. He showed his spite by those childish and futile annoyances to which He often subjects the servants of God when he sees that he can gain no victories over them, and is only exposing himself to fresh rebuffs by thrusting in his temptations. He began to annoy her (or at least it was her firm conviction) by making himself if not visibly, yet at least palpably manifest to her. It seemed as if she felt his loathsome presence at her side; strange noises in her cell disturbed her, and the door was banged when all was still, and the furniture moved hither and

thither when no external cause could account for its movement. It may have been fancy—we do not pretend to decide this point—but if it were real, it is but in accordance with the frequent experience of the saints of God. Our readers will remember the annoyance to which the saintly Curé d'Ars was subjected by the devil, who on one occasion even set his bed on fire. But however this may be, the conviction was strong in Henrietta Kerr's mind, and added to the darkness of her soul. She imagined that Satan would never have thus presumed save in the case of one who was miserably tepid and half-hearted in the service of God.

It was indeed poverty with a vengeance which God was inflicting on His servant. Yet it was all necessary as the means of her perfection. A strong nature like hers must needs suffer intensely if it is to be intense in its purity of intention. Very hot must the fire be through which the gold passes before it is wholly purified. Self had to be burnt out of her, and the fire which destroys it is far more penetrating than that which consumed the bodies of the martyrs. It was a veritable martyrdom that she was enduring.

Hearing the story told in the life of Father Campion, how he had seen the words, "Edmund Campion, martyr," written in letters of gold over his cell, and had thereby been encouraged to persevere and endure joyfully to the end, she applied them to herself, and used to cheer herself on by imagining that she saw "Henrietta Kerr, martyr," written over the door of her room.

But God from time to time sent her, amidst the dryness and darkness of her soul, rich draughts of joy and happiness, none perhaps richer than that which filled her soul when her brother Schomberg, whom she had loved with intense and unswerving affection from the age of five years up, announced to her his intention of joining the Society of Jesus.

What can I say to you? [she writes, July 9, 1867]. I am too happy either to write or think. Your letter came two hours ago. This morning we were renewing our vows at a half-past five Mass (which we generally do on the feast of the Sacred Heart, but it was deferred this year on account of the bustle and crowd), and my chief thought was, "How happy I should be if old Schomberg were one day to be doing as I was. I could scarcely think of anything else. I fancy our Lord must have smiled to see my anxiety, knowing as He did that in the course of the day I should get your letter. How I do thank Him and that good Mater Admirabilis! I have just been to her, and knelt down in the

place where you knelt that last evening you were here. And now I have but a few minutes for writing. I shall have a great many things to pray for the old boy. He must not be surprised if he has the devil after him during these two months of interval—it is a good sign. I wonder much whether you will feel like I did during the three years I spent at home after my vocation was decided. It seemed to me that my wish for religious life vanished from the moment I decided to follow it. The devil, whose great object is to disturb one's peace of mind, takes one by one's weakest point, and as with me in those days it was a great matter to feel well-disposed and fervent, he used to torment me by making me feel quite the contrary. Happily, however, he has no power over one's will, which is all that God looks to and rewards, and one of the great graces of the novitiate is to make one understand the immense difference between one's upper will and one's sensations. I am sure though that you are already learned in all that. I shall go on praying more than ever. Our Lord, now your sole Master as He is mine, will crown His other graces by the greatest of all, perseverance. How thankful I am to think that every moment of your life is going to be employed in His service! Good-bye and *Deo gratias* once more.

In 1868 her parents visited her. Lord Henry says in his journal, "Henrietta was a little agitated at seeing us, but is looking well, and is cheerful and full of jokes. She is very thin, and her hands are like those of an older person." In 1870, the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese, painful as it was, served as a sort of distraction to her, and brought out that inborn courage which rises instead of falling in the presence of danger. The convent was searched by the Piedmontese soldiers, and she would have rejoiced if she could have attained to her desire after martyrdom. She writes in October, 1870:

Nothing could have fitted in better than your wishing me to be the first Sacred Heart martyr, but I much fear I have little chance of it. I have shrank from mortification so often in little things that, to punish me, I fancy I shall get through life comfortably, and end my days in the company of physic bottles.

The next two years passed without anything calling for special remark, save that they seem to have been brighter than those which preceded them. She had grown into her position, and knew better how to adapt herself to her work. As far as we can judge from her notes and her yearly retreats, she was working her way steadily across the desert plain, marked with rich verdure here and there, but desert nevertheless, beyond which she was to enter on a new country, which hitherto she had seen only dimly and from a distance.

In February, 1872, she was summoned to Paris for the six months of preparation before her profession. This time is always an important one to Nuns of the Sacred Heart. It is a time when they have had sufficient experience of religious life to see the special aim which God desires they should set before themselves during the rest of life, the aspect of perfection to which He invites them. For the end of religious life is not the same for all ; on the contrary, there is for each an end to be attained, a holiness to be reached, specially destined by God for this one individual soul, and for none other. Henrietta Kerr had already learned what her *attrait* was to be : it was to be *poverty*—by which was meant spiritual joy in the absence of all spiritual consolations, a happy acquiescence in complete spiritual destitution ; and *simplicity*, or the doing the will of God from day to day and from hour to hour simply because it was His will.

During the last seven years God had been teaching her this lesson. He had taught her poverty by spiritual miseries succeeding one another in an almost unbroken series. He had taught her simplicity by those secret invitations of His love which taught her to make Himself her all in every action. Now a new period of her life was to begin. The painful learning of her lesson was to be succeeded by the joyful practising of it. A new light was to dawn, and its dawning was to be not only an epoch in her life, but its turning-point, a point when she could say, "The old things have passed away, the old sorrows, the old doubts, the old darkness, the old misgivings, the old fears about the past, the old dread about the future : behold, all things have become new !"

But the goal of her spiritual life on earth was not reached until the retreat at Paris in 1872. She has happily left behind her the notes of her retreat, chronicling the history of all that took place within her soul during that eventful month. They are unlike the notes of any of her previous retreats. There breathes in them a sweet influence which tells of the Spirit of God drawing the faithful spouse of Christ nearer to His Sacred Heart. They possess an indescribable charm, which stamps them as the work of one who was now a proficient in the science of the saints. They mark the transition from the illuminative to the unitive way. They proclaim themselves the work of one who before was seeking, but now has found, who before was knocking at the half opened door, but

now has passed the portal and been invited to partake of the spiritual banquet which God reserves for His dearly beloved. We cannot attempt more than to reproduce a few extracts from them. We have chosen those which will enable the reader to form some idea of the wonderful graces God bestowed upon His servant.⁴

All full of corruption as I am [such are the opening words], I am in the hand of God like clay in the hand of the potter. *Sicut et vos in manu mea.* I enjoyed my want of power to think, desire, and wish, that so I may be forced to have recourse to God.

On the second day the light begins to break in upon her.

I think that for me detachment will consist in creating for myself every moment of my life a fresh pleasure in doing the will of God, in ridding myself of all that is nothing to gain the All. I ask myself if my active, impetuous, impatient nature will ever arrive at acting only under the influence of the Holy Spirit. . . . I think God must desire of me poverty and self-abandonment, since it refreshes my soul to put myself in the dust before Him. . . . The idea has continually come to me that I ought to find in myself only poverty and nothingness, and be a beggar-child before God, but I am afraid it is only "poetry," and that I am but tracing out my own path under the influence of a subtle spiritual pride. I should be so happy if my superiors were to tell me I ought to be like a beggar (*mendicante*).

Such were the preliminary steps. It was during the last meditation of the third day of her retreat that the crisis came which was to determine the remainder of Henrietta Kerr's life.

To help me in the suffering that will return perhaps to-morrow, perhaps this very evening, I desire to say that I have known to-day what is meant by tears and consolation, what it is to have a moment of intercourse with God, and how He knows in an instant how to render sweet and delicious all that is most bitter. It was when I saw from what had been told me by my superiors, that God desires me to be as a beggar, and when I made my offering as such, accepting all that such a life will involve of hardship and desolation. I saw a kind of chain from my infancy, culminating in this light of to-day. I remembered those two meetings with beggars in the street when I was eighteen and twenty, and how all my soul was attracted by their rags, and my eager yet deep desire to clothe myself in them. Then those emotions

⁴ These notes are written in French. One or two translated extracts are given in the published Life, App. pp. 381-4. We hope that a full translation may hereafter appear, since they are a store of spiritual treasures for all who desire perfection.

n the churches of St. Alexis and Blessed Labre, and last of all that ejaculation, full of dryness but deeply felt, which has been the cry of my soul during my time of probation.

We have already noticed at the beginning of this article how those two beggars, who were always regarded by her as supernatural messengers, had furnished her with the first outlines of that poverty which had gradually been taking a definite shape as the virtue that God desired she should cultivate beyond all the rest. In Rome, in the churches of the two beggar saints, St. Alexis and St. Benedict Labre, there had come over her the same inexpressible desire after poverty that had first been excited by the rags of a London beggar. During her noviceship, and for those seven years of suffering and desolation at Rome, this longing to be poor had been the cry of her heart. Painfully it had come to her, bringing with it dryness not sweetness, but coming nevertheless from the bottom of her heart. And now it came again no longer as a messenger of sorrow but inundating her soul with unspeakable joy, no longer as a sort of cruel necessity that she must needs accept, but as a source of delicious and intoxicating happiness, uniting her to God with a union which seemed like a foretaste of Heaven, lighting up the dull path of life with a brightness which made all the rough places smooth and turned the desert into a smiling scene of beauty. Hitherto she had had cause to say, "I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him and found Him not." Now she could say, "I have sat down under His shadow whom I desired, and His fruit was sweet to my palate. He brought me into the cellar of wine. He set in order charity in me. His left hand is under my head, and His right hand shall embrace me."⁵

There was an incident connected with this breaking in of a new light into Henrietta Kerr's soul that we cannot pass over. She does not mention it in her notes of retreat, and it was told in confidence only to one or two to whom she was most intimately united in her religious life. That same day as she left her room to ring the community bell, she saw for an instant clear before her sight the figure of the Man of Sorrows, dressed as a beggar, clothed in those same rags which had on those several occasions attracted her so strangely. It was but for a moment, and when she told the story, she added naively, "You know, Mother, it

⁵ Cant. ii. 3, 4, 6.

did not make me late in ringing the bell." It may have been a dream, a fancy, but in a life so supernatural as hers we do not wonder if the veil of sense was from time to time drawn aside by the Divine Lover of her soul, and if the same influence which flooded her soul with joy took visible form before her eyes. At all events that day was an epoch in her life, the earthly goal of her existence. It separated the two lives in a way which gives reality to the words of the Apostle, "*Henceforth I live: now not I but Christ lives in me.*" Henceforth her life belonged to a different sphere, no longer the struggling after God, the painful yearning after Him whom she scarce knew how she was to serve, but a life full of intense suffering, yet a suffering which even at the time it was a joy to her to suffer, a life broken by constant clouds and darkness, but by clouds which did but reflect the light and darkness in which she ever recognized the prelude of the dawn.

In the notes of her retreat we notice the change, especially as it draws on. Thus on the ninth day, she says:

Last evening I had a great disturbance in my soul, which became calm, I know not how. The long waiting of Simeon and Anna struck me. One moment with the Infant Jesus made them forget those long years. And I too, one day I hope it will be so for me, . . . *They* sought God purely. He has been so good to me, that I cannot think that He will allow my life to pass in illusions. At the feet of Mary carrying the Infant Jesus I recognized my own pride. I prayed them to have pity on me. I thanked them that they had given me superiors who frankly tell me the truth. I had a sort of assurance that they would teach me humility pure and simple.

Two days later she writes:

When I came to this meditation [the Two Standards] I could not help doing nothing but beg at the feet of our Lord for the grace of understanding, declaring that all my efforts are less than nothing, and committing to Him all the success of my retreat. It seemed to me that He stopped in front of me, and looked at me in a way that brought the tears to my eyes, and leaned over me as one does over a child found at a corner of the street. I said to Him, "O Lord Jesus, I do not think it is possible that it should not always be a great pleasure to me to do all that you wish." Then I told Him what had been said to me the evening before, that I was full of spiritual pride, and yet that He loved my soul. Then I was frightened. I thought that my imagination is quite lively enough to give me visions. That is all that is wanted. And I could not find filth foul enough with which to cover my face. Still that word *beggar* always makes my heart beat!

But we must not linger over those charming notes ; one other extract must suffice. It comes in the second day of the Passion :

It seemed to me that all thought and consideration only perplexed me. I placed my soul under the feet of our Lord upon the Cross. I had an immense desire to draw down His Precious Blood upon me, and I fancied that I felt it falling sweetly on my soul and filling it till I was satiated. It seemed to me that this Adorable Blood took away all my pride, my disobedience, my self-occupation. I thought one drop escaped from His Sacred Heart, and that it contained all that my soul desired the most. I am very grateful to God for having given me a temperament which makes me always suffer a little. If He would increase my feelings of repugnance, what a grace it would be ! I asked Him to make me remember in my moments of pain that from the feet of our Saviour crucified will always flow the strength that I require.

The last words of these notes show what was the general impression left upon her mind : " I think I have never tasted as I have now the beauty of God and my own deformity—His greatness and my baseness, His riches and my poverty."

After the retreat was over we find what was the effect it had on her prospects for the future. The two following paragraphs are in different ways a foreshadowing of the rest of her life. They were both written in the latter part of the year 1872. The first gives the resolutions she formed, and to which all the rest of her life corresponded most exactly. The second is a curious forecast which was realized to the letter.

If God gives me the necessary grace, I hope to attain to a control over my natural activity and my own judgment, and to learn to act only under the impulse of the Holy Spirit in my soul ; to forget myself so completely, that I may be alive only to the interests, the joys, the sufferings of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, scarcely knowing whether I am in a state of consolation or desolation—to obey for the sake of obeying, stifling my tendency to act from reason, and rejoicing in occasions where I may have to sacrifice my own judgment to the judgment of God expressed by obedience.

Thoughts about my future often come to me. I think our Lord will give me the great grace of depriving me still for some time of my physical powers, of giving me a little string of sufferings and weaknesses which will beat down my pride. He wishes me to have a relish for my own nothingness, that I should accept fully the prospect of being nothing but a burden to the Society. This thought, while it mortifies me to the quick, gives me an interior feeling of satisfaction and a great peace in my will.

We must pass rapidly over the last twelve years of Henrietta Kerr's life. They were nothing else than a practice of that lesson of spiritual poverty which we have explained. They were spent at Roehampton Convent, where she had the superintendence of the Convent school. With this important office, and the way in which she performed its duties, we are not concerned in our present sketch, since it is the story of her inner life that we are trying to tell. Enough to say that her unflinching brightness attracted to her all the children; her unselfish devotion won their little hearts and made her an universal favourite; and while she seemed to be thinking only of amusing and pleasing them, she was all the time winning them to the love of God and leading them as if unconsciously nearer to Him. During these years her health was always weak, and during the later portion of them she was gradually but steadily sinking, but never did her gayness and cheerfulness and sparkling humour forsake her; even to the last she was full of fun, and could not resist the temptation to joke even on her death-bed.

This light-heartedness was the fruit of those long years of antecedent suffering: it was the solid, quiet peace which is the invariable concomitant of poverty and simplicity such as hers. It was like the innocent merriment of childhood, but refined and supernaturalized, no longer living, as children live, in mere present joy or sorrow, but with the joy lighted up with the joy of Heaven in prospect, and the sorrow sweetened by the consciousness of a will conformed in all things to the will of God. A happy life indeed it was! a life which would have compensated for all the suffering of the past, even if there had been no unending life beyond. It was a life nevertheless not unmixed with many a cross. Bright as was the sky, from time to time heavy clouds lowered over the scene—the old tendency to self-criticism reappeared and the sense of lifelessness returned, and the persuasion of a miserable mediocrity in all things cast a shadow over her soul; even the old dumps came again, and God seemed to hide His face as He ever hides His face now and again from those He loves, lest perchance they should forget that they still inhabit a land of exile and a vale of tears. But yet it was a life pre-eminently happy, and peaceful with that peace which Christ alone can give to His dearly-beloved children. Such a life has no history, except as regards external circumstances, and with these we are not concerned. It is simply the flowing on of the river, gliding peacefully along its quiet course,

and only broken here and there by rocks which impede its way. But we cannot refrain from giving one or two extracts from letters and notes of retreat written during this period of her life.

We begin with a couple of letters selected out of many scarce less characteristic. The first was written to her brother some three and a half years before her death. It shows us how the sunshine of her life was broken by occasional periods of darkness and of gloom.

April 24, 1881.

Your letter of March 30 came a few days ago. I have never varied in my idea since 1847, when I settled you were my best friend, and I have never had a doubt either as to your staunchness. I think God liked that agreement, and that it has helped us through life. Old friendships are of a sort that need no explosions. They make no noise like babbling streams, but run on silently for a long spell at times. Your reminding me of it, however, has done me good. My tepidity, aided by physical infirmity, has made me gloomy of soul these last weeks, and I must rouse myself by the old motive of my fervent days: that Schomberg and I should be saints has urged me to do many a better thing. I will not expatiate on my misery, as this is against my particular examen, which is "to turn my eyes away from myself to fix them on God in a spirit of humility, confidence, and abandonment." I have had it for twenty years, and but for it I should have gone into despair—how often! but it cuts short that morbid tendency which, besides its paralyzing effect, tends directly to undermine the spirit of obedience. Far above success do I value that humble self-forgetful trust in obedience which makes one say, "It is God's will: I can please Him. He is bound to guard me;" and makes one go straight on one's path blithely.

The second was a farewell letter to the same, dictated from her death-bed (Nov. 20, 1884).

November 20, 1884 (dictated). My last letter to you on Indian soil, and your last from me from this land of exile! I really think I am dying this time, and find my heart clinging to the hope of being with God to-morrow. I am held up by prayers on all sides, and in the early hours of the night comes your Mass, and your Memento of me at the Elevation, so you open the flood-gate of graces on me each twenty-four hours of my struggle. God will reward you, and you too will always find grace and strength prepared beforehand for you. . . . I was wondering what should be my last word to you on earth, and this verse occurred to me—*Expecta Dominum viriliter age, et confortetur cor tuum et sustine Dominum.*

We next come to her notes of retreat. These exhibit her two favourite virtues strengthened and increased as the years

went on. In 1875 she chooses, for the virtue to be specially practised during the year, *abandonment*—simple, total, and from a motive of love to all the will of God, whether for life or death, for labour or feebleness, for peace or for trials, for light or for darkness, for serving or being served, for all that God gives me to do.

In 1878 she says :

I think I have felt more goodwill than usual of late, especially on two points, prayer and humility. What I grieve over most in the last years is having lived so little with God, and the Blessed Sacrament having been so little a living reality with me. For all eternity one hopes to live with God in bliss. Why not begin as far as possible to live with Him now, for eternity may be close at hand? I will try, *Dieu aidant*.

The next year (1879) she writes down the "thoughts which have struck her most."

1. God holds so intensely to the progress and sanctification of a religious that He only desists when the unwillingness becomes unbearable.

2. When we die we go to the Friend we have lived with and thought most frequently of on earth; we go to God with whom we have spent every day our hour's meditation, &c.

3. *Dieu Tout, le reste rien*. The object of humiliation, mortification, &c., is to prevent the heart rising up and taking God's place. For myself I shall best arrive at being "*rien*" by forgetting myself. (1) I abandon my perfection to God. (2) I will pray and let God absorb my life more. I will turn to God if possible at least every half hour, to love Him, rest in Him, consult Him for my work. Relations of friendship with our Blessed Lord and our Lady. All my work is there. (3) I will be calm, and give the present moment to the thing of the moment. Every one, child, mistress, or visitor, should be rested and supernaturalized by contact with God through me.

Her last retreat was made in November, 1882. At the end of it she gives the following as her "theory" of life.

1. Humble gratitude before God. To take the attitude of the beggar-child who is nothing and nobody, but not to separate this idea from the truth that I am fed at His table, clothed in His livery, and wearing His ring.

2. Abandonment as to the length or shortness of my life, &c., also as to the attainment of virtue. . . .

In spite of innumerable complications of self-love, I have realized

the light-heartedness and happiness of being God's own. If he asks for indifference, and all it entails, it is merely that I may love Him only, obey Him alone, and what else do I wish for?

"I have realized the light-heartedness and happiness of being God's own!" Happy they whose testimony respecting themselves in their last retreat is the joyous announcement which tells already of Heaven almost begun! For such an one there is no further struggle, no more fear, no more sadness. I am God's own, and therefore I can say, "My beloved to me and I to Him." I am God's own, and therefore the ardent desire of my heart is that I may share the Cross of Him who has bought me with His Precious Blood. I am God's own, and therefore what can separate me from the love of Christ? What can destroy my peace, what can rob me of my joy? I am God's own, and therefore I am more than conqueror through Him that loved me. I am God's own, and therefore, when He counts up His chosen ones, I, His property and possession, must needs be found in their happy company.

For the details of the sickness and death of Henrietta Kerr we must refer our readers to her printed Life. Her death was no death, but the beginning of life, or rather, it was the consummation of that life of perfection which she had attained during those last twelve happy years of union with God. As the drop of water to the boundless ocean, as the grain of dust to the universe of creation, as faith to sight, as the shadow to the substance, so was her happiness on earth to the happiness she now enjoys in Heaven.

It is not uncommon for the last words of dying men to be a reflection of the lives they have lived. It was so with Henrietta Kerr. Her agony had begun, and she knew it. She knew that she was at the very threshold of the life to come, and, knowing this, she died with words upon her lips which, simple and short as they were, told of the delight that inundated her soul, and told, moreover, the source whence that delight had its first origin. "Oh, what a joy! for God!" were the last words she spoke: they summed up her whole life. It had been a life for God, and therefore a life of joy. She had for God's sake died to self, and therefore her death was a death of joy. In life and death God had been her sole motive, and therefore His faithful servant entered, as she had a right to do, upon the joy of her Lord for ever in Heaven.

It was on December 1, 1884, that her pure soul passed

from the poverty of earth to enjoy the heavenly treasure which God has prepared for her in Heaven. What is it gives such an interest, such a charm to her life? It is not merely the beauty of her natural character and her remarkable natural gifts. Nor is it merely her high perfection, and the wonderful victories won by the grace of God within her soul, since there are many saints who do not attract us as she does. It is rather the exceedingly natural character of her supernatural life. Her perfection, lofty as it is, is never a perfection utterly and entirely out of our own reach. Her holiness is a consoling holiness. Her virtue is a virtue which we do not only admire from a distance, but which somehow kindles in us the desire to follow her. She is essentially a denizen of modern life. She appears before us as a sort of ideal English girl, yet at the same time intensely real. She has in her all the elements of character, all the ways of thought that belong to a well-bred maiden of the upper class. She lives with their life, enjoys what they enjoy, behaves as they behave, thinks as they think. She loves the happy circle of home as they love it, has her special friend among her brothers as they for the most part have, is the companion and associate of her father as they are, rides, walks, travels, writes, talks, goes into society and spends the season in London much as they do. Then the action of grace begins its work in her soul, but there are none of those miracles of grace such as we are prone to associate with the saints. There is first of all the enthusiastic longing after something chivalrous, after martyrdom, after a life of heroism. Then comes the perplexed attempt to carry out the ideal. The work of self-conquest begins, and bodily mortifications. She longs after a higher life. In childhood she is to be a hermit, then a Sister of Charity, afterwards a Carmelite. Then she visits convents of Mercy, of the Good Shepherd, &c., but nowhere finds her *attrait* satisfied. At last she seeks the guidance of some experienced priest, and concludes from his direction that she is wandering from the mark, that the first dim light was the true one, and that it is to the Society of the Sacred Heart that God calls her. Then there comes a great reaction, as there comes to most when they decide finally on their entrance into religion. All seems distasteful to her, and home irresistibly attractive. She is faithful to grace, and off she goes to the novitiate. Is terribly homesick, as most novices are. Recovers herself, and gets on cheerily. Then comes gloom, depression, unaccountable fits of the blues,

as to God's chosen ones such trials always come. Then she goes to Rome, and enters on a new phase, walks more steadily in the direction of the virtue which God designs to be the characteristic of her sanctity, finds that she cannot reach it save by passing through the fire, and like a brave maiden, as she was, struggles on towards the light, passing through trials manifold, despondency, discouragement, and temptation, as we know we all must struggle at some time in our lives if we have in our hearts any longing after sanctity. Then, in her long retreat, comes the calm after the storm. The Master to whom she had given her heart appears to her and manifests clearly enough what it is He asks of her, just as He is ready to manifest it to any faithful soul longing after Him. Then twelve years of happy work and suffering happier still : the sky not unflecked by clouds, and dark clouds too, from time to time, but still a life of peace and joy such as is the heritage of the humble and the pure of heart, of those who are led by the Spirit of God in all their ways, and accept that leading wheresoever it may guide them, as the best gift that God can give. Sweeter grows that life of self-abandonment and ever sweeter, till at length, when the soul is ripe for its reward, the longed-for day arrives, and the joy of doing in every detail the will of God on earth is changed for the unspeakable joy of doing that will as the angels do it in Heaven.

It is all so simple, so ordinary ! the path is so straight, so plain, that as we read we are forced to say, " If she could follow it, why not I ? If the sacrifice she made led to such joy and peace, why should not I tread in her steps ? Whether I am in the world or in religious life, the essentials of her virtue are within my reach. Why should not I set to work without delay on the same road, the road of self-conquest, obedience to grace, patience, gentleness, humility, conformity to the will of God ? If it led her to joy and happiness without alloy, why should it not lead me ? "

But we have already transgressed our limits : the interest of our subject is sufficient excuse, and the fact that we have told but a fractional part of all that there is to tell respecting the interior life of Henrietta Kerr.

R. F. C.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's Report on Continental Education.

AGAIN has Britannia been consulting foreign mothers as to how she ought to educate her children, this time with symptoms of increasing senility and penuriousness, for she employs as her agent only one man, and that one man, though perhaps able and experienced, still only "*human*," if we may describe him by a favourite word of his own, a man of views, with the mind of a partisan rather than that of a judge, and consequently incapable of reporting to his mistress plain unvarnished facts, as was the duty of one whose commission was simply to inquire. This very "*human*" agent, moreover, she, with the peevishness of old age, expected to acquit himself of his somewhat arduous task in the space of three short months, during which he was to visit three such countries as Germany, Switzerland, and France, and find out their views, their practice, and their condition with regard to—

1. Free Education.
2. Quality of Education.
3. Status, training, and pensioning of teachers.
4. Compulsory attendance and release from school.¹

Of the time allowed him, Mr. Arnold says, not only was it "altogether too short to make a full study of the systems of education," adopted in the countries to which he was accredited, but "too short to allow him to make even a study of them fully adequate for the purposes of his present inquiry and report."² He had to rush along after the manner of the American tourist, who guessed he had "done" fourteen countries in three weeks. Nevertheless he managed to take some notes, and picked up here and there documents which, as of course he had no leisure to read while there were "guides and expounders at hand,"³ he was obliged to make out as well as he could after his return home. Hence he adds, in a tone of deprecation, that "not only does the following report make no pretensions to be a complete

¹ *Report*, p. 3.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

account of the systems of elementary education in the countries to which it relates, . . . but it may probably also, I am afraid, even on those points with which it deals, be less thorough and satisfactory than I could wish it to be."⁴ Though somewhat clumsily expressed, his meaning is obvious enough, and we perfectly agree with him. The only thing that we cannot account for is why Government ever allowed Mr. Arnold to be sent, under such circumstances, on such a mission; why it considered it worth while to have so meagre a document put into print; and most of all how it can think of making use of it for legislation?

We said just now that Mr. Arnold lacked the judicial mind and had that of a partisan. These are words which may not be used without explanation, and we therefore proceed at once to justify them. Mr. Arnold was sent abroad simply to report on certain definite points, given above, connected with education. "That he should add recommendations was not in his commission,"⁵ still less, we should think, was he called upon to favour Parliament with his theological views, or to amuse the public with sly cuts at Catholics, or to come forward as the champion of the French Republic, however much real respect for religion he may have detected beneath an exterior which, to ordinary eyes, looks like atheism. And yet we find in the pages of his Report such passages as these. The religious instruction at Hamburg is Lutheran, and the aim of it is "to get the saving facts and saving doctrines" (it is a pity he does not give a list of them) "of Christianity apprehended and appropriated by the school children." "Nothing can be better," adds Mr. Arnold.⁶ Perhaps not, but may we ask, not rudely, but as a matter of business, who wanted Mr. Arnold's opinion on this point?

Again: "The most valuable portion of the religious instruction is, in my opinion, the Bible passages and Church hymns learnt by heart."⁷

Again: "The chief effect of the religious teaching, however, certainly lies in the Bible passages, and still more in the Evangelical hymns."⁸

Further on Mr. Arnold takes us still more into his confidence, and reveals the kind of religious instruction he would advocate. He is speaking of M. Pécaut, director of the training school at Fontenay-aux-Roses, and he observes: "The lessons of pedagogy in his hands become (and this is the point to which

⁴ *Report*, p. 3.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 24.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 12.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 14.

I wish to call attention) a treatment of this subject really and truly moral and religious, and yet neither Catholic nor Protestant."⁹ Neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red-herring. That is the sort of religion Mr. Arnold prizes, something colourless, and without a backbone. M. Pécaut takes some writer on education, Locke, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, or Bishop Dupanloup, and comments on them "in a manner deeply moral and perfectly religious."¹⁰ "If M. Pécaut could be multiplied and placed in every normal school in France, the foundation of a moral instruction, not futile, as at present, but seriously and religiously effective, though independent of the established confessions, would be made possible. At present it is at Fontenay only that I found an instruction of the kind, but what is accomplished at Fontenay is of the highest value."¹¹

We cannot help asking ourselves what all this has to do with Mr. Arnold's business? Under which of the four heads of his instruction does it come? Seeing that his time was so limited, it is to be regretted that he strayed so far beyond the four corners of his commission. He is so taken up with the importance of his religious views and opinions that he seems, while writing these passages, to have forgotten what he was sent for. He forgets that he is supposed to be supplying Parliament with ascertained facts under specific headings, and imagines apparently that he is in Exeter Hall, before an eager audience of Dissenters, treating them to his own reflections on what he saw abroad. This at least is our impression, and the impression grows as we read a passage in which he reprobates the *cursiv-schrift*, "that bane of Germany, a legacy from the monks."¹² And, again, when we are told that "little or nothing was said in Lutheran schools about *the Church and its authority*, about *the clergy and their attributes*."¹³ Still more when he adds: "What the pious founder in general designed formerly was *to catch all promising subjects, and to make priests of them*."¹⁴ The italics are ours.

This is excellent fodder for that antiquated type of provincial pilgrim that attends the May meetings, but in the last quarter of this century of enlightenment, before our grave Conscript Fathers, such jokes fall flat, and as they are wholly irrelevant, being outside Mr. Arnold's commission, we have a right to characterize them as even impertinent.

⁹ Report, p. 20.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Ibid. p. 12.

¹³ Ibid. p. 14.

¹⁴ Ibid. p. 24.

It may perhaps be said that we are taking too serious a view of what to most people will appear mere *obiter dicta*, but it must be borne in mind that among the advocates and defenders of religious as distinguished from a purely secular education, Catholics have ever stood in the foremost rank, and that it is not in the nature of *human* affairs that they, or the party to which they belong, or the principles which they advocate, should obtain even-handed justice from one who has shown that, even in his official capacity, he is unable to conceal his antipathies.

Another reason why we felt justified in describing Mr. Arnold as a partisan, is that, without the least necessity, he stands forward as the champion, on the score of religion, of the present rulers of France. "The school expenditure of the Republican Government is not all due, as its enemies would have us believe, to a hatred of religion; it is due also to a belief in the value of sound and full popular instruction . . . and to a conviction that this sound and full instruction is not, and cannot be given by the religions (*sic*). If many of the establishments of the religions are, as in fact I thought them, quite as well taught as those of the State, this is in part due no doubt to the wholesome necessity which competition with the State imposes on the religions to make also their secular instruction as good as that of the State."¹⁵ There can be no longer any doubt as to the bias of Mr. Arnold's mind, but this more than usually inelegant and inaccurate sentence calls for several remarks.

By the "enemies" of the Republic we suppose are meant those who are made to feel the weight of the Republic's hatred, namely, the Religious. Whether or no they ever asserted that the school expenditure was all due to a hatred of religion, we are unable to say for certain; but, until some proof is brought, we shall take the liberty to doubt it, the more so because these "enemies" are as well aware as the rest of the world that the present rulers of France are swayed, like smaller men, by motives the most heterogeneous, love of justice, as exhibited in the "purification" of the judicial bench, respect for human life, as in the acquittal of the most brutal murderers, charitable consideration for the frailty of brethren, as in the amnesty of felons, solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the rising generation, seen in the smashing of crucifixes, deference to the "popular voice," as in their obsequiousness to anarchists.

¹⁵ *Report*, p. 19.

Knowing all this, the "enemies" of the Republic could hardly have accused the Republican rulers of acting on the impulse of a single motive. Neither could they have any difficulty in admitting that Messieurs believed "in the value of sound and full instruction," especially instruction in the manipulation of accounts, if they put any credit in the letters of the late Admiral Courbet; or instruction in the art diplomatic, if they have seen the deeply interesting letters of General Boulanger to the Duke d'Aumale. But when we come to the next clause in Mr. Arnold's vindication, where he says the rulers of France have a "conviction that sound and full popular instruction is not, and cannot be given by the religions," we confess that we are puzzled, for he acknowledges, in the same place, that he found "many of the establishments of the religions . . . quite as well taught as those of the State." How are these contradictory assertions to be reconciled? We fear that the "enemies" of the Republic, with accustomed perversity, will attribute the anomaly to the infatuation, prejudice, and intolerant bigotry of their masters.

It is, however, a pleasure to us to be at agreement with Mr. Arnold as to the efficiency of the schools taught by Religious. The following table, which probably will be new even to him, contains an analysis of the official reports of the open competition for the scholarships annually awarded by the City of Paris. We take the liberty of transcribing it from a pamphlet issued, in the Health Exhibition, by the Christian Brothers. The examinations were conducted by a Board appointed by Government, and extended to the French language, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, metric system, geometry, drawing, and music.

Year.	Scholarships offered.				Scholarships obtained by the Brothers' Boys.	
1848	31	27
1849	32	31
1850	32	24
1851	40	28
1852	40	33
1853	40	31
1854	40	32
1855	40	32
1856	40	36
1857	40	36
1858	40	38
1859	40	34
1860	40	34

Year.	Scholarships offered.				Scholarships obtained by the Brothers' Boys.
1861	40	...	35
1862	40	...	31
1863	40	...	34
1864	40	...	30
1865	40	...	37
1866	40	...	29
1867	40	...	35
1868	40	...	38
1869	50	...	30
1870	50	...	41
1871	50	...	33
1872	50	...	36
1873	50	...	32
1874	80	...	64
1875	80	...	55
1876	80	...	67
1877	100	...	77
1878	115	...	94
1879	115	...	84
Totals	1635	...	1316

That speaks volumes. The schools of ONE religious body carry off 1316 out of 1635 scholarships! It is to be noted that this table comes down to the year 1879. In that year the schools of the Christian Brothers secured 84 out of 115 scholarships. *The next year they were suppressed*, the Government having a "conviction that a sound and full instruction is not and cannot be given by the religions." As it was strong enough to stand against the evidence of at least thirty-two years, we fancy the conviction will be difficult to remove. But there is a ray of hope in some other words of Mr. Arnold: "The State in France shows at present a genuine and most effective zeal for instruction, whatever other motives and feelings may be mixed up with the zeal; and even the much-abused Municipality of Paris deserves a like praise, in this respect, with the State."¹⁰ The statistics given above are the more interesting as they refer precisely to Paris. Now "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and consequently if "the much-abused Municipality" were only shown how advantageous to them would be "the wholesome necessity which competition with" Religion would impose upon them, "to make also their secular instruction as good as that of" the Christian Brothers, they would, in their disinterested zeal for good education, call those teachers back—

¹⁰ *Report*, p. 19.

very likely. Perhaps Mr. Arnold will use his influence to bring about this happy consummation. In the hope that he may succeed, we are glad to put at his disposal the following additional particulars.

In the same thirty-two years mentioned above, according to the official Reports, the Brothers had, at the yearly examinations :

28	times the	First	Candidate	on the list.
29	"	Second	"	"
29	"	Third	"	"
27	"	Fourth	"	"
26	"	Fifth	"	"

And, taking unbroken series of consecutive places, they had—

Twice	the	First	2	Candidates.
Four times	the	"	3	"
Twice	the	"	4	"
Once	"	"	5	"
Twice	"	"	6	"
Twice	"	"	7	"
Thrice	"	"	8	"
Once	"	"	12	"
Once	"	"	13	"
Once	"	"	14	"
Twice	"	"	15	"
Once	"	"	31	"
Twice	"	"	33	"

Being driven out of the Government schools, the Brothers immediately accepted charge of a number of Catholic schools, and, with the above tables before us, we can readily understand how, handicapped as they are by a prodigal and jealous Government, they and their brethren manage to attract, and to be "educating at the present moment in their schools . . . one-third of the school children of Paris." ¹⁷

Here we think we may fairly ask, did Mr. Arnold, when making out his Report, know anything about the excellence of the religious schools in France? And, if he did, how came he to believe that the Government were honestly convinced that a sound and full education could not be given by Religious?

And having asserted that it was this conviction that led the Government to dispense with the Religious, how came he to state lower down that: "There is no doubt that the Government is actuated by political motives in excluding them." ¹⁸

And again we may ask how he reconciles the fact of the

¹⁷ Report, p. 9.

¹⁸ Ibid. p. 18.

best schools in the country being suppressed with his repeated assertion that the Republican rulers were animated with a "genuine and *most effective* zeal" for education?

After all, setting aside its irrelevancy to Mr. Arnold's business, what is the use of vindicating for the present rulers of France some sort of respect for religion? Why claim for them a character which they not only do not claim themselves, but even eschew? They have been at great pains to demonstrate to the world that they hate religion. *Ni Dieu ni maître* is their motto. To pretend that hatred of religion is not the chief motive of their educational zeal is to doubt their word, and to stultify oneself. As Mr. Arnold himself remarks, they are "determined to have at any rate made the lay," that is the atheistical, "character of the schools an accomplished fact before the counter-revolution arrives, if it is to arrive."¹⁹ This the British public will do well to bear in mind, when asked to establish what is euphemistically called "unsectarian education." It has been done in France. "All direct religious instruction, Catholic or Protestant, has been banished from them" (the public schools). And what has been put in its place? "Moral and civic instruction," of which Mr. Arnold says, it "seemed to me, so far as I could judge, from the manual of it which I perused, and from the many lessons in it which I heard, of little or no value. What I heard was decorous and dull."²⁰ And the fruit, What is it like? Many in this country fancy it is the destruction of the Catholic Church, and they are glad. But it is more than that. It is the destruction of Christian morality,²¹ and the denial of God.

Mr. Arnold seems loth to acknowledge this. The people of France know it but too well. They have shown their abhorrence of it by "having raised for their schools in Paris alone more than fifteen millions of francs in the last six years,"²² to support religious schools, although secular education is given free, and, in many parts of the country, by receiving the secular teachers, who came to replace the Religious, with showers of stones,²³ so that "a Bill is now being passed forbidding the communes, even if they desire it, to employ members of the

¹⁹ *Report*, p. 18.

²⁰ *Ibid.* p. 19.

²¹ Since writing the above we have come upon the following: "Since the French Revolution the 'note' of advanced French Republicanism has been hostility, not only to the Catholic Church, but to Christianity itself" (*Telegraph*, September 17, 1886).

²² *Report*, p. 9.

²³ *Telegraph*, February 4, 1886.

teaching orders as schoolmasters or schoolmistresses in communal schools."²⁴ Thus, as Mr. Arnold paradoxically observes, "so far as the wishes of the local population, as to its schools, might give an opening for clerical influences, they are overridden by democracy."²⁵ Demos bites off his own nose to spite his face. But better to be ridiculous than to side against men who are "at war with clericalism."²⁶ Yes, the people of France, Protestants as well as Catholics, see with horror whither they are going. "M. Charles Robert, a very leading Protestant," says Mr. Arnold, "whom I knew as chief assistant to M. Duruy at the Ministry of Public Instruction in 1865," only echoed the feelings of all right-minded people when, with that cautious reticence which is necessary in presence of bullies armed with the law, he exhorted "the French Protestants to maintain their schools zealously, because 'moral education' and the formation of the judgment and character are too often neglected by the new official pedagogy."²⁷ The proofs are only too abundant. School boys now challenge editors for making uncomplimentary remarks about them in their papers, or rise in rebellion, like the alumni of the Lycée Louis le Grand, when they "wrenched their iron bedsteads asunder, ripped up their mattresses, tore up their sheets, and smashed their washhand basins," with cries of "*A bas Survaux!*" "*Mort à Gidel!*" or, like the telegraph boys, threaten destruction to the Government, and to all institutions of law and order, because their salaries are cut down, and their uniforms supplied "through an arrangement made with the proprietors of a slop shop by certain high officials."²⁸ M. Zevort, presiding in M. Ferry's place, at a distribution of prizes in the Sorbonne, four years ago, said: "The former system," that is the Christian system of education, "had been adopted to instil obedience and docility into the minds of youth, whereas the new set them free."²⁹ And with very great success. "Discipline," says Mr. Arnold, "is not quite so good," as in Germany, "but wonderfully improved since my former visit."³⁰ "Since the establishment of the Third Republic, collegiate discipline in Paris has been in a simply deplorable state," says one of our leading journals.³¹

The same disobedient and mutinous spirit, the same insubordination and contempt for authority, and even for justice,

²⁴ *Report*, p. 9.²⁵ *Ibid.*²⁶ *Ibid.*²⁷ *Ibid.*²⁸ *Telegraph*, June 1, 1886.²⁹ *Standard*, August 3, 1882.³⁰ *Report*, p. 13.³¹ *Telegraph*, 1883.

pervades all ages and all ranks of society. Men, and even women, take the law into their own hands, and avenge themselves to the death in the public streets. A murderess acknowledges her guilt in open court. "Yes, I killed him. . . . I meant to kill him. . . . I feel no remorse."³² She is fined for doing it, and then acquitted, and the verdict "throws the audience into convulsions of joy, and causes the prisoner to be acclaimed, shaken by the hand and embraced by all who could get near her."³³ Similarly another jury "placed on record the amazing opinion that a man can be shot dead in his bed while his wife continues to sleep soundly by his side."³⁴ The use of the revolver is becoming as common "as in the early days of Arkansas."³⁵ Suicide is almost a mania. "The number of births of illegitimate children has increased, that of the births of legitimate children has decreased."³⁶ "The enormous increase of crime in Paris and elsewhere in France . . . is still agitating the public mind here to an extraordinary degree . . . Both Macé, the former, and M. Kuehn, the present *chef de la sûreté*, attribute it to the spread of immorality."³⁷

Government meantime is engaged abroad in a policy of "intelligent destruction," or at home in changing the names of streets, or in driving the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals, in spite of the earnest appeal of fifty of the most eminent doctors of Paris, headed by Dr. Desprez, a staunch republican and atheist, replacing them by lay nurses at four times the cost;³⁸ or in levying a tax on the value of the broken victuals, collected for their old men and women by the Little Sisters of the Poor.³⁹ And as a set off against all this, some part of which the *Times* spoke of as "simply a relapse into barbarism,"⁴⁰ Mr. Arnold merely appeals, in a tone "deeply moral and perfectly religious," to the course of morals given at Fontenay-aux-Roses, mentioned above, and to the consoling fact that M. Pécaut, who gives it, actually has the cordial support of the Ministry of Public Instruction. "When I hear it said that all which the French Republican Government is doing for popular education is being done out of hatred of religion, I think of Fontenay-aux-Roses, and of M. Pécaut, and of the

³² *Times*, January 10, 1885. Trial of Madame Clovis Hugues.

³³ *Times*, January 10, 1885. Leading article.

³⁴ *Telegraph*, November 18, 1885.

³⁵ *Times*, January 10, 1885.

³⁶ *Telegraph*, September 18, 1885.

³⁷ *Telegraph*, December 9, 1884.

³⁸ *Tablet*, December 26, 1885.

³⁹ *Tablet*, January 3, 1885.

⁴⁰ *Times*, January 10, 1885.

work being done at Fontenay, and of the cordial confidence and firm support given by the Ministry of Public Instruction to M. Pécaut who does it, and I render justice to the Republican Government." ⁴¹

Disbelief in God is at the bottom of all this misery. The very name of God must be expunged from every school book. It may not stand even in the fables of Fontaine, but must be changed at the expense of both rhythm and sense. How effectually this disbelief is being spread, is brought home to us vividly in an anecdote given by Mr. Arnold, which we quote without comment.

"The most effective thing I heard," in moral and civic instruction, "owed its effectiveness, perhaps, chiefly to the shock of surprise which it occasioned. The thing was this: A child was asked the question, so common in the training of the young, to whom do you owe all that you are enjoying here, this fine school-room, these pictures, these books, this splendid city, all that gives security, comfort, and pleasure to your life; who gives it all to you? I listened languidly at first, but my interest awoke as it occurred to me: surely all this can be leading up to but one answer, the established answer, *God*, and that answer may not be given here. And it was not given; the answer at last to the question put to the child, 'Who is your benefactor?' was this: '*Et bien, c'est le pays.*'" ⁴² And even this is capped by another story related by the correspondent of the *Times*: "I have been shown a little girl of seven, whom her mother had just taken away from school. Someone having said, in a conversation in her presence, 'We must trust in God,' the child exclaimed, '*Dieu est un mensonge!*'" The child was questioned, and it appeared that her schoolmistress had made her repeat this phrase every morning. This is an illustration of what is meant by lay-teaching, and of how the rising generation is to be brought up." ⁴³

Mr. Arnold was shocked at what he heard, yet listen to his mild comment on the tyranny and oppression which has brought this blight on France: "Much may be said against the *economy* and against the *judiciousness* of this wholesale exclusion of the religious orders from the public schools. . . . It is *doubtful*, I say, whether the haste, the harsh measures, the interference with

⁴¹ *Report*, p. 19.

⁴² *Report*, p. 19. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the French. We only copy it.

⁴³ *Times*, quoted in *Tablet*, March, 27th, 1886.

old habits, the heavy expenditure. . . . are *judicious*." ⁴⁴ The italics are ours. The most efficient schools in France have been crushed, at enormous expense to the ratepayers, in order to bring up a generation of atheists, and Mr. Arnold thinks the perpetrators of this scandal perhaps may have acted injudiciously and without due regard for economy, but he would not like to speak positively. No. There is a type of mind that can never bring itself to condemn decisively any injustice, however monstrous, if it be against the Catholic Church. Many persons fancied it had become extinct in this country, until the survival of some specimens was revealed lately by two letters, addressed to the present leader of the House of Commons, by the Westminster Loyal Orange Lodge and the Scottish Protestant Alliance respectively. The possessors of such minds, if unable entirely to exculpate aggressors like the present rulers of France, manage at any rate to palliate their outrages by accusing the Church of being obstinate, recalcitrant, contumacious, and not knowing how even to consult her own interests. We are not surprised therefore to find Mr. Arnold winding up with a word of advice to the Church. "If the Catholic Church were not misled by its own strength and by its capacity for resistance, if it were more flexible and could better adapt itself to the age in which we live and the change which is irresistible, it would, in my opinion, have a future more promising than that of the Governments which attack it." ⁴⁵

Very likely it would. Indeed we are not so sure that it has not even as matters stand. But the Church has been told this hundreds of times, in almost identically the same words, by writers of all calibres, yet she is as incorrigible to-day as she was eighteen hundred years ago; so that, instead of becoming pliant and flexible in Mr. Arnold's hands, we fully expect to see her go on in the old way, trusting in her "own strength and capacity for resistance," and for all his sage advice returning him but a smile.

Thus much for the moral and religious aspect of Mr. Arnold's Report. We hope to return to it again, and to be able to draw from it several other arguments in support of his own assertion that it may probably, "even on those points with which it deals be less thorough and satisfactory than he could wish it to be."

JAMES F. SPLAINE, S.J.

⁴⁴ *Report*, p. 18.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

Mission of Zanguebar.

PART THE FIRST.

ON the east of Africa, south of Abyssinia and the Gallas, and north of the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique, lies a vast empire called Zanguebar, extending along 1,500 miles of sea coast and stretching far into the interior. The greater part of this immense tract is peopled by native tribes, each governed by its own king or chieftain, but all acknowledging the sovereignty of the ruling Sultan, a prince of the Arab race, who holds his court in the little island of Zanzibar, which is situated at a short distance from the mainland. The present Sultan, Said Bargash, is well-known in England, which he visited a few years since, and is, like his predecessor, Said Meggid, an enlightened prince, who encourages every effort made for the improvement of his people and allows the most perfect liberty of conscience throughout his dominions.

For many centuries this portion of the African continent remained utterly closed to the light of the Gospel and a prey to the errors of Mahometism or the gross superstitions of Fetichism. From time to time during the sixteenth century the Portuguese sought to effect a settlement on the coast, but were speedily repulsed, nor have we any evidence that their missionaries ever penetrated among the heathen tribes of the interior. It was not until 1860 that the first serious effort for the spiritual conquest of this benighted empire was made by a devoted priest from the Isle of Reunion, named the Abbé Fava, who now occupies the episcopal see of Grenoble. Mgr. Maupont, the zealous Bishop of Reunion, better known in history as the Isle of Bourbon, had beheld with sad emotion the bands of negro slaves imported from the markets of Zanzibar into the sugar plantations of his diocese, and, like another St. Gregory, burned with the desire of rescuing from the dominion of Satan the nations from which they sprang. He found an Augustine ready to his hand in his own vicar-general, the Abbé Fava, who

offered himself with joy to begin the work, and towards the close of 1860, landed at Zanzibar in company with two priests and six nuns of the Order of Daughters of Mary, an institute founded by the Bishop for the express object of the conversion of the negro race. This little band met with a kind reception from the Sultan, Said Meggid, who soon proved himself a warm friend to the Catholic mission.

No sooner had the missionaries landed than they set about the mighty work before them. A hospital, a surgery, and an industrial school, tenanted by a few negro children purchased in the neighbouring slave market, were the first commencement, for the Fathers well knew that charity preaches with a louder tongue than human voice. Both king and people, brought up in the selfish and sensual sect of Mahomet, witnessed with amazement men of learning and gentle ladies sacrificing their time, their labours, their health, and life itself, in ministering, without thought of human recompense, to the wants and miseries of utter strangers, and those, for the most part, wretched negro slaves. Such a lesson was not lost; the minds of all were disposed to welcome and assist the generous strangers, and before many months had passed they were as much at home in a city of Mussulmans and could carry out the services of religion as freely and openly as in any Catholic land.

The new mission, commenced on so solid a foundation, was beginning to bear abundant fruit, the hospital and dispensary were thronged with patients and the schools with children, the workshops were the admiration of every one, and a large tract of land had been granted by the Sultan for an agricultural establishment on the mainland, when, after two years of earnest and devoted labour, the Abbé Fava was summoned back to the side of his Bishop. At the same time the mission was entrusted by the latter to the care of the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, an institution founded by the Venerable Liebermann to promote the conversion of the African negro tribes. The Rev. Father Horner was the apostle deputed by the Superior of the Society to carry on the work already commenced, and the same prudent and zealous priest continued for many years to direct the rising mission.

It was upon June 16, 1863, that Father Horner landed at Zanzibar, accompanied by a devoted band of priests and lay-brothers belonging to the same Society. His first efforts were directed to the consolidation and development of the work com-

menced by his predecessor. Many a poor negro slave, abandoned in sickness or old age by his cruel Arab master, and left to die uncared for by the roadside or the sea shore, was gathered into the little hospital, and, after having his bodily wants relieved, was taught to know and love the good God who had sent the charitable missionaries and devoted Sisters to aid him in his greatest need. Passing one day by the cemetery, Father Horner chanced to hear a cry of anguish. On examining the neighbouring bushes he discovered behind them a poor leper eaten away with ulcers, and left, like Job on his dunghill, without a friend to give him so much as a drink of water or to speak to him a word of comfort. He had been thrown there by his master when disease made him unfit for further service, and had supported himself with the scraps of food which he had gathered on the public pathway. As he was being tenderly borne away by the missionaries to their hospital, the Arabs and the negroes whom they met were heard to say, "How good the white men are!" It was thus that in former times the pagans said of the early Christians, "See how these men love one another."

At the time we speak of, the slave trade, which has of late years been prohibited by the Sultan throughout his dominions, held its chief centre in the Isle of Zanzibar. The market was situated hard by the residence of the missionaries, and day after day the *dhow*s, or slave boats of the Arab dealers, arrived in port with a fresh cargo of human beings. These poor wretches, huddled together in indescribable filth within the noisome hold of the vessel, were left to fight among themselves for a breath of air or a miserable pittance of food. Numbers of them perished under this cruel treatment. The remainder, being at length landed from the dhow, were marched naked and heavily manacled to the custom-house, where the duty (for the same tax was levied on a man as on an ox) was discharged by the owner. Thence they proceeded—a procession of living skeletons—to the market-place, where, seated on the ground in rows, they were examined and handled by intending purchasers as cattle are in this country by the dealer or butcher. After this they were sold by auction to the highest bidder. Daily were the hearts of the missionaries harrowed by the scenes of misery which they there beheld. The thin and emaciated appearance of these poor victims of human avarice and cruelty, their sunken eyes, their air of utter despondency, filled the good Fathers with the deepest anguish. As they passed along the ranks with eyes

filled with tears, the little children, reading in their countenances the tender compassion of their hearts, would look up to them with a faint smile and say in pitiful accents, "Buy me, white man; with you I shall have enough to eat and shall be happy." How it caused the hearts of the missionaries to bleed when they were forced to reply, "Alas! poor children, we would willingly buy you, but we have no money." Often, however, the generous alms of the Propagation of the Faith enabled them to restore to liberty and offer to God some of these little ones. They would then return in triumph to their home, yet not without a pang of anguish at the thought of the misery of those whom they had left behind. It was thus, by gathering in at first the little ones of the flock, that they sought to pave the way for the future evangelization of the families and tribes from which they had been ruthlessly torn by the Arab trader. They looked in fact to them to become, after a few years of careful Christian training, the apostles of their countrymen, or at least the powerful auxiliaries of the missionaries in the work of conversion. Hence the greatest care was taken of their early education. The female children, placed under the charge of the zealous Daughters of Mary, were brought up in their house of Providence, where they were instructed in the truths of religion and the various duties of domestic life. The boys on their part were committed to the guidance of the religious brothers, who trained them not only in sacred and secular knowledge, but also in the exercise of agriculture and different mechanical trades, which would ensure them afterwards abundant means of subsistence. The hearts of these poor children, deeply impressed by the charity of which they were the recipients, became imbued with the same sentiments of compassion towards those whom they beheld involved in the like misery. One day, when their numbers had reached to above a hundred, finding that no fresh comers arrived with whom to share their happiness, they came to Father Baur and said:

"Father, why don't you buy any more children?"

"Because I have no money," he replied. "Indeed, I have scarcely enough to buy bread to feed you all."

Thereupon they held a consultation among themselves, and putting together all their little savings, which amounted to three or four pounds, they brought them to the Father, who, going forth at once to the slave market, purchased therewith three little negroes to add to their number. The warm and affec-

tionate welcome which these poor children received from their youthful benefactors and the missionaries themselves, filled them with a surprise and joy that can hardly be described.

As the children increased in numbers and grew also in strength and knowledge, the trades established for their training and support became both prosperous and remunerative. Their success in founding and working metal under the direction of one of the Brothers, who was a clever mechanic, was especially remarkable and attracted the attention of the Sultan, who often visited the establishment and availed himself of the labour of the inmates for various requirements. Their services were also frequently called into requisition for the repairs of passing vessels. But what above all attracted the admiration of the people was the band of the institution, which was furnished with European instruments, and took a leading part in every public ceremonial.

The time had now arrived when the good work thus prosperously commenced was to undergo a further development. For some time past the Fathers had cast longing eyes towards the opposite coast, distant only some twenty-five miles from the Island of Zanzibar, and forming the boundary of the great African continent, which was the mother land of the little negroes under their care and the abode of millions of others still enveloped in the darkness of idolatry. The moment had now come to effect a permanent settlement on the mainland, whence they hoped in course of time to diffuse the light of the true faith among the tribes of the interior. It was necessary, moreover, to accustom their children to habits of agricultural labour, which forms so important an element in the work of civilization, and for this the confined limits of the establishment at Zanzibar offered but little facility. Happily the far-seeing Abbé Fava had provided for this contingency by securing from the generous Sultan a large and valuable tract of land upon the continent well suited for the formation of an agricultural colony. The site, moreover, was healthy, a point of extreme importance in a country where malarious fevers, which owe their origin to the extreme heat and imperfect drainage, are widely prevalent and prove highly fatal to the European constitution.

It was in the month of August, 1863, that Father Horner paid his first visit to the mainland. He was accompanied by the Abbé Schimpf, four of the Daughters of Mary, and two

negro children to serve as interpreters. We will allow him to relate the circumstances of his visit in his own words :

Our arrival at Bagamoyo was quite an event. Scarcely had we disembarked when several groups of men, women, and children, advanced to salute us and express their joy at seeing us among them. A military officer, with whom we were already acquainted, accompanied the crowd. Escorted by him we made our triumphal entrance into the village. We were deeply touched with the kind welcome given us, and could not refrain from feelings of tender compassion at the thought that these poor people were still pagans. Our hearts, however, were filled with hope, and it seemed as if every lip whispered in the midst of the silence which they preserved around us, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

At length we reached the village, which presented an appearance of extreme poverty. The houses are built of hay and mortar and the roofs are thatched with straw. The nuns took possession of the hut prepared for them, and we made our way to our own lodging, surrounded by a crowd of negroes, many of whom entered with us, filling it up in such a way that we could scarcely breathe. The news of our arrival soon spread abroad and for some hours we were completely besieged. The Arab soldier, deputed by the French consul to attend us on our journey, sought in vain to procure us a little repose. Seeing that he sometimes lost his temper in striving to stop the influx of visitors, I was obliged to interpose my authority and to check his too rigid discipline with the words of our Lord, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And truly are they children, big children indeed, of whom we hope to say one day, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." We could not refrain from tears when, after satiating themselves with gazing on us, they departed, and soon returned bringing gifts of cocoanut, eggs, and fruit. Those who had nothing to offer, and still wished to contribute to the general festivity, displayed before us curious birds and animals as an expression of their desire to please us.

No sooner had we taken our little repast than a crowd of sick arrived, some of whom were lepers and others afflicted with ophthalmia, a malady which is very common in this country owing to the reflection of the sun's rays upon the white sand. The nuns dressed their sores and applied remedies suitable to their various complaints. All were deeply moved at the charity displayed towards them by perfect strangers.

On the same evening we went to visit the land which had been secured by the Abbé Fava. It is a magnificent plain, containing from six to seven hundred acres close to the village and enclosed with a hedge of trees. The soil on the sea-coast is very fertile and capable of producing abundant crops were it cultivated with greater diligence, but the natural indolence of the natives is an obstacle against which a long struggle must be expected.

On the following day we presented the Sultan's letters to the

Tchemador or military commandant of the district. They were read with great solemnity amid an assembly of chiefs gathered together beneath the shelter of the lofty trees which grew on our allotment. On hearing the words of their monarch the chieftains covered their faces with their hands and cried out: "You yourselves are the chiefs and rulers of the country. Whatever you please to order we will perform, and if you desire it we will carry you on our heads." The offer to carry on their heads is the highest expression of their respect and esteem.

The next day was the feast of the Transfiguration, and we had the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice for the first time on the ground that will one day in all probability receive our mortal remains. A bed of mats, on which were placed my trunk and portable altar, was all that was necessary for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. How my heart swelled with emotion when the King of Heaven and earth descended into our humble cabin! How earnestly did I implore Him to have pity on these unfortunate people and to apply to them the fruits of the Sacrifice of Calvary! It is impossible to express the feelings of hope and holy joy which I then experienced. A single moment of such happiness is sufficient to efface the memory of years of tribulation.

On the morning of the same day we set out to visit the River Kingani explored by Captain Speke. Our boat was fifteen yards in length and about forty inches wide, being formed of a single trunk scooped out according to the manner of the country. Thanks to a very high tide, we were able to steer through a forest of trees which line the shore, growing partly in the salt water. It was truly delightful to sail beneath their sheltering branches, covered with bright green foliage and lovely flowers, and tenanted by troops of chattering monkeys and flocks of aquatic birds. In three hours we reached the Kingani, which is a magnificent river, bordered at the mouth with stately trees, but full of crocodiles and hippopotami, many of which we beheld disporting in its waters.

On the following day we passed in the course of our rambles through the Arab cemetery. Each of the tombs is surmounted with an earthen pot and spoon, and in these vessels the living deposit the food, which they furnish regularly to the dead. At the entrance of the vault is a small lamp which is lighted on certain occasions, and round about are scattered grains of cooked rice, which the birds of the air devour, while the natives imagine that it is consumed by their deceased relations.

The next day was the time fixed for our return to Zanzibar. While directing our course from the shore we perceived behind us a dense crowd of blacks headed by the military chief Isa. They all waded in the water and followed us as long as it was possible. To judge by the sorrow displayed at our departure one would have thought that we were old friends.¹

¹ *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

Having cleared a portion of their new domain and erected a few temporary huts, the missionaries were able in 1868 to transfer a portion of their negro children from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo. The plentiful harvest of grain and other cereals, which the virgin ground yielded to their toil, taught their pupils the benefit to be derived from manual labour. Soon the forest of brushwood which covered the land gave place to groves of orange and cocoa-nut trees and rich fields of manioc, sesame, and other useful products. At the same time buildings arose as if by magic—a church, a residence for the Fathers and assistant Brothers, a seminary for the Latin scholars, workshops of various kinds, dormitories for the children, both male and female, a convent for the nuns, and all the necessary farm and outbuildings. It is true that the materials were none of the strongest or most durable, being but clay for the walls and straw or reeds for the roofs, while as for the builders they were the poor negroes, who had not the remotest idea of the work that they were employed in, and cost the lay-brother who superintended them an endless amount of trouble and anxiety. Such as they were, however, the buildings multiplied, and the colony of Our Lady of Bagamoyo grew and flourished, being further increased as time went on by the formation on a portion of the land of a little Christian village peopled by young married couples, the former pupils of the mission. For each of these young families a cottage was erected, and a plot of land apportioned for their support. The rising colony became in a short time the admiration of the neighbourhood, and was generally known by the name of the Town of the Whites.

Situated as the mission was, at but a short distance from the inland forests, the residents were liable to occasional and sometimes alarming visits from savage animals. A lion, which had long been the terror of the country, and which had devoured several of the natives and ravaged their flocks and herds, one day penetrated into a neighbouring paddock and killed two cows which the Fathers had purchased for the use of the colony. As the carcasses were untouched, some of the elder children were sent the next morning to bring them home, so that they might be used for food. The lion, returning on the following night in search of his prey, followed the track of the bodies to the mission, and, having torn out two of the palings of the enclosure, entered, and killed a couple of innocent donkeys. The missionaries, thinking it high time to take active measures in

defence, prepared a couple of empty casks which they hoisted on the cocoa-nut trees to serve as sentry-boxes or watch-towers. When night came two of the Fathers, armed with guns, were elevated to the place of observation, the body of one of the asses having been previously deposited at the foot of the tree. In vain did they wait during the silent hours of night for the loud roaring of the monarch of the forest which had alarmed them on the previous evenings; all was profound silence, except a slight noise of moving branches which they thought that they could recognize in the midst of the bushes. At the dawn of day they hastened to descend from their aerial observatory, but what was their astonishment when they found that the body of the ass had disappeared during the night—the lion had carried it off from beneath their very feet. On other occasions they provided tempting morsels for the royal appetite, seasoned with deadly poison; but the monarch, disdaining the feast prepared for him, left the choice dainties to his attendant satellites, and one morning the Fathers were surprised to find a magnificent tiger and two fine hyenas lying dead amongst the bushes. Finally, his royal highness, having probably a large company to entertain at breakfast, reappeared at the mission after a fortnight's absence, and, forcing his way into the pigfold where the pigs were secured, killed fourteen of the porkers, with a couple of donkeys which had been placed there for greater security. This wholesale massacre, which threatened the very existence of the live stock, was more than the Fathers could stand, and a deep laid scheme was devised for the lion's destruction. A trap having been prepared within the enclosure, the skin of a wild boar which the lion had killed in the forest on the previous day was dragged to the spot, and two of the Fathers remained in ambush to watch the event. The stratagem succeeded—the unsuspected lion walked into the trap and found himself a prisoner. Roaring with a voice of thunder, he demanded his immediate liberation, enforcing his appeal by a savage onslaught on his prison-house, which he threatened to break into a thousand pieces. The children, aroused from their slumbers by the tremendous uproar, fell on their knees to implore the Divine protection, while the Fathers, recommending themselves to God, armed themselves with rifles and cautiously raised the door of the trap. The lion made one bound to secure his freedom and fell dead pierced with two bullets which penetrated his skull. The first thought of the missionaries was to intone the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God and to the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the mission.

More welcome and intelligent guests than the beasts of the forest visited from time to time the rising colony, where they ever met with a warm welcome and generous hospitality. Thus, in 1871, the Fathers entertained the intrepid Stanley, then starting from Bagamoyo on his search for Livingstone. In 1873, they were visited by Lieutenant Cameron, who was setting out on a similar errand, too late, alas ! to relieve the illustrious traveller, who died of dysentery on the 4th of May of the same year on the shores of Lake Bangweolo. Both Stanley and Cameron, and many other visitors of note, have borne ready witness to the generous and self-sacrificing labours of the religious, as also to the value of their work as a means of civilization, its undoubted success, and the desirability of its extension. The testimony of Sir Bartle Frere is particularly valuable. This distinguished man was sent out to Zanzibar by our Government, in 1873, to treat with Said Bargash on the subject of the abolition of the slave trade throughout his vast dominions. The result of the negotiation, backed as it was by the representatives of the other powers and a timely display of the naval forces of France and England in the harbour of Zanzibar, is well known. A decree was forthwith published which abolished by law the odious and cruel traffic. But it was necessary to watch over the execution of a treaty, the terms of which so many had an interest in evading. Numerous English cruisers continued to hover about the neighbouring coasts in order to intercept the slave dhows plying between Zanzibar and the mainland; and many were the captures which they effected, and the bands of wretched human beings whom they restored to freedom. But here a new difficulty presented itself. What was to be done with the liberated slaves, separated by hundreds of miles from their homes in the interior, and above all what was to be done with the children who were incapable of earning their support, and who must perish, more surely in liberty than slavery, if unlooked to by their liberators? It was then that the value of the houses of Providence at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo became fully appreciated and a large number of children (for the Protestant Bishop, Dr. Tozer, claimed his share of the black spoil) were entrusted to the care of the Catholic missionaries, the English Government providing to some extent for the first expenses of their maintenance. In the course of his correspondence with the Home Office, Sir Bartle Frere bears noble testimony to the prudence, success, and devotion of the

Catholic missionaries. Speaking of the establishment at Bagamoyo, he says: "It is impossible for me to suggest any change in regard to practical arrangements which could increase its value as an industrial and civilizing institution, and I recommend it as a model to be followed in any effort made for the civilization and evangelization of Africa. The only thing to be desired is an extension of the resources which Father Horner and his colleagues have so well employed."

The rapid development of the agricultural colony at Bagamoyo and the necessity of a fresh opening for the settlement of their young married couples, were the occasion of an interesting excursion undertaken by the Fathers into the interior. Repeated embassies had already arrived from Kingarou, the reigning monarch of Ukami expressing his ardent desire to see and entertain the missionaries. The favourable dispositions which he exhibited towards them, and the necessity of exploring the country with the view to a new settlement, induced them at length to comply with his request. As soon as their intention was made known to Kingarou, the greatest preparations were made for their reception. With this view a large quantity of powder was purchased by the monarch to be expended in salvos in honour of their arrival, and a decree was published throughout his dominions ordering that whoever should not receive the white men with fitting respect should be punished with death.

Having completed their preparations for the journey, the missionaries set out upon August 11, 1870. The caravan consisted of about seventy persons, namely, Fathers Horner, Baur, and Duparquet, the King's son-in-law, and twenty young princes, all sons of Kingarou, who had been sent on the various deputations. To these we must add Said Magram, an Arab trader and envoy of the Sultan, deputed by the latter to accompany the expedition, and finally about forty or fifty porters. At the head of the caravan were borne the flags of France and Zanguebar, and it was escorted by all the inmates of the institution, preceded by their band playing national airs, as far as the limits of Bagamoyo. Here the missionaries parted from their escort amid repeated discharges of fire-arms, and, turning their back on the sea-coast, directed their steps towards the mountains of the interior. Having crossed the River Kingani, they journeyed for some days through the country of Ukuéré. The land is slightly undulating, and is covered with

forests interspersed with open glades, where the grass grows with such luxuriance that a traveller mounted on an ass is completely hidden, the top of his parasol alone remaining visible. These forests are the home of almost every species of wild animal. The elephant, the lion and the tiger, the zebra and the wild ass, the boar and the buffalo, mingled with giraffes, deer, and apes of every description, are to be found here in great abundance. The natives are scattered in small villages buried in the forests; for here, alas! the liberty and lives of the unwary are exposed to continual dangers from the greed of the trader and the avarice of native chieftains, who often attack the unsuspecting and unprepared, and, after ruthlessly slaying all who resist, sell the remainder as slaves to the members of some passing cavarvan. Thus on approaching the village of Bacara the Fathers found only a heap of ruins, the houses having been burnt to the ground and the inhabitants carried into captivity by the emissaries of a neighbouring queen, who, wanting a supply of money, had taken this ordinary means of raising it. Most of the men of the village had perished in defending their families and homes. Two poor creatures only had escaped, who, crawling out of the blackened ruins, related with tears their sad history to the travellers.

On the 27th of August the caravan arrived before Kinolé, the capital of Ukami. On hearing of its approach, Kingarou had despatched fifty of his wives and the remainder of his sons to welcome the Fathers and conduct them to his royal palace. An immense number of the inhabitants poured out of the city to gaze on the prodigy, often rumoured among them, but never yet witnessed, of men clothed in a white skin, and loud were the acclamations and shouts of joy with which the strangers were greeted. Amid salvos of fire-arms and songs of welcome, the procession, which extended for three quarters of a mile, entered the capital. First came the fifty royal wives followed by the people of the town. They advanced two and two, dancing as they went along and waving their white wands of reed in the air, while they chanted without ceasing the national song, "Heyo, heyo, ho." Then came the young princes gambolling like goats, and flourishing their muskets before and behind them to the imminent peril of the noses and spectacles of the Fathers who closely followed them. Thus they entered the town where repeated discharges of artillery awaited them. During their passage through the streets, the inhabitants threw

handfuls of rice at their feet, as children scatter flowers before the Blessed Sacrament on the feast of Corpus Christi, while at the same time they danced and sang, "Welcome, ever welcome! You are no strangers here. Our country is your own."

At length the procession reached the royal palace, the appearance of which somewhat diminished the effect of so splendid a reception. In truth it was nothing but a miserable cabin, distinguished among the other dwellings by its exceeding filthiness, for the main sewer of the town passed through the very midst of the King's chamber. The monarch himself presented a fine specimen of an African chief. Though four-score years of age, and afflicted with a paralysis which deprived him of the full use of his limbs, he had a noble air, and his white locks and beard added to his venerable appearance. He greeted the missionaries with the greatest kindness, and after a short conversation caused them to be conducted to the house prepared for their reception, sending immediately after them a provision of four goats, four baskets of the finest rice, and a jar of pombé, the fermented drink of the country. He also had the exceeding thoughtfulness to send for their use the four arm-chairs which are kept in his palace for the reception of his Ministers of State. To crown all, he gladdened the hearts of his subjects by relaxing, in honour of their distinguished visitors, the prohibition against dancing which had been in force for four years previously in token of mourning for the King's illness. The Wakami who, like all other negroes, have a passion for this amusement, received the announcement with vociferous exultation and kept up their revels to a late hour, a proceeding which did not serve to promote the comfort of the weary travellers.

On the following day the missionaries paid their state visit to the monarch, having taken care to send in advance the usual offerings without which it is not expected that you should enter the presence of African royalty. Some pieces of American cloth, a few bead necklaces, a clock, and a musical box, were the valuable effects presented. The last named article charmed the King beyond measure, and he caused it to be exhibited in the public square that his subjects might share in his delight. It was with difficulty, however, that the simple Wakami could be induced to approach, for they regarded the box which sent forth such sweet notes of harmony as decidedly bewitched.

Meanwhile the Fathers conversed with Kingarou, acquainting him with the objects of their mission. They then questioned him as to the practicability of a settlement in his country, to which he replied that he would willingly grant them land wherever they desired, though it would be his wish to have them located near him at Kinolé.

While they were thus conversing, the chief Minister of State entered and saluted his royal master according to the usual etiquette of the court, a proceeding which was a severe trial to the gravity of the visitors. First of all he deposited his cap and arms on the ground, and after remaining for a moment upright, bent his body slightly and coughed three times. Having then pronounced the usual formula of greeting, "Hail, master of the land!" he bowed profoundly, at the same time clapping his hands. In answer the monarch raised his head majestically, and roared like a lion as long as his breath would allow him. "While witnessing this ridiculous ceremony," says Father Horner, "I could not but admire the self-command of my two companions who turned their eyes to the ceiling in order to preserve their gravity. As for me I was less fortunate, for the Arab Said Magram, who had accompanied us, being of a merry turn, nudged me with his elbow, saying aside, "Listen to that fool trying to ape the lion. He is a lion at eating and that is all." On the following day the good Father, fearing that the King might have felt hurt at his behaviour, thought it his duty to make the *amende honorable* and apologized through his interpreter for his apparent rudeness. "Tell the Father," replied Kingarou, "that if one of my own subjects had laughed, I would have cut off his head, but the white man can do what he pleases."

The missionaries took advantage of the few days that they remained in Ukami to obtain information respecting the manners, dispositions, and religion of the inhabitants. The Wakami, like most of the African tribes, are naturally mild and gentle, nor are they addicted to the same barbarous customs which prevail among the negro tribes on the western portion of the continent. They are also moderately intelligent and generally upright, crimes against justice and public morals being severely punished by their laws which are rigidly enforced by their ruler. It cannot, however, be said that they are enforced with impartiality, for the King's sons and the royal soldiers rob and plunder the peaceful and industrious peasantry at their pleasure.

Frequently the young princes, when in attendance on the Fathers, would seize upon the poultry, fruit, or other goods of the peasants, whose huts they passed, to make, as they said, an offering to the white man, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they could be induced to restore these things to the rightful owners. Even Kingarou himself was not above laying an embargo on all that came to market, that he might save his own stores and maintain his visitors at the expense of his subjects. It was not until the Fathers had strongly remonstrated and declared their intention of paying the full price for what they consumed, that he was induced to desist from a course which would soon have emptied the market of sellers and left his own subjects unprovided with country produce.

The villages of the natives, which usually contain about a score of habitations, are invariably hidden in the midst of thick, thorny, and impenetrable bushes, which form their natural defence against the inroads of the enemy. Frequently a double enclosure is added for their protection, but there is always one, formed of the trunks of trees planted in the ground and bound to each other by elastic creepers. The narrow entrance is closed with four or five pieces of timber suspended perpendicularly from a fixed upper bar. Being moveable at the bottom, they serve to admit the inhabitants during the day, but when night approaches they are securely fastened from the inside. On leaving the entrance, a narrow pathway, which is prolonged by many twists and turns through the brushwood, gives at length access to the village. Before it stands the spirit-house—a humble temple dedicated to the guardian spirit of the hamlet. It consists merely of a light roof, supported on four short posts and attached to the trunk of a huge cactus which penetrates its centre. At the foot of this are deposited calabashes of rice and maize with other propitiatory offerings.

In agriculture and the mechanical arts the Wakami are very backward. The land is cultivated by the women, who merely scratch up the surface of the ground with a hoe of wood as hard as ebony; the soil, however, is of so fertile a nature that even with this imperfect cultivation it produces the most abundant crops. In manufactures they are far behind many of the African tribes, for they do not work in metal; their earthen vessels, however, are finished with care, the surface being varnished and ornamented with plumbago. Their huts are of the simplest construction, being made without windows

and built of boards which are fixed in the ground and bound together with the canes of the bamboo; the whole is then roughcasted with mud. At the central point of the conical roof, which is made of bamboos and covered with thatch, is to be seen an ornamental figure-head rudely carved in wood. The interior of their dwellings, which swarm with bugs, fleas, ticks, and every description of vermin, is by no means inviting to the weary traveller, the walls and ceiling being thickly festooned with soot, deposited, in the absence of a chimney, by the curling smoke during its passage to the door. Their furniture is scanty, consisting of two or three *kitandas*, or beds, formed of interlaced cocoa-fibre cords, a few earthen vessels, skins of beasts, agricultural implements, weapons and *gris-gris*, or amulets, which are suspended from pegs fixed in the grimy walls. The chiefs alone are permitted the use of a wooden stool which is their chair of state; every one else except the King and his Ministers sits upon the ground.

As to their clothing, it consists simply of a cincture of bark or linen tied about the loins, to which they add on festival-days woven ornaments of leaves. Only the women who come from the coast are covered with a mantle; all the females, however, who have it in their power, wear necklaces of glass beads and bracelets of brass or iron which adorn their ankles and sometimes cover the arm from wrist to elbow. A troop of soldiers, who accompanied the general of the army on a visit to the Fathers, seemed to have devoted much attention to the subject of head-dresses. Above the brow of the general's aide-de-camp peered the grinning skull of a large ape; the head of another officer was surmounted by a frame adorned with the feathers of various birds. As to the soldiers, they were clad in the skins of wild animals, such as the zebra or tiger, while others had their ears concealed under the enormous ears of the wild ass, an animal which attains a considerable size in the forests of Africa.

The religion of the Wakami, like that of most of the African tribes, consists in the worship of spirits whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices and superstitious practices. As to the Great Spirit, the All Powerful Creator whom all the tribes of the country acknowledge, He is seldom named or thought of. It is the *msimu* or tutelary genii (who are often no other than the manes of illustrious deceased), and the evil spirits or *pepo* who are ever employed in doing mischief, that are the chief object of their worship. Does any one fall sick, the *mganga* or

sorcerer is summoned to discover and appease the *pepo* who has entered into the sick man. After various incantations and juggleries, he names the *pepo*, whom he declares can only be disarmed by the offering of some fowls, rice, a goat, &c., with which he himself makes merry with his friends. Thus does the sorcerer live and grow rich on the folly of the people. Even Kingarou himself, who is regarded by his people as a secondary deity, does not scruple to abuse their simplicity in order to enforce better his intolerable tyranny. As he is professedly a Mahometan in belief, and is therefore removed from the pagan superstition of his subjects, Father Horner did not hesitate to take him to task for his double dealing in continuing to play on their credulity. In reply the King showed him an enormous turban, made out of the turbans of all his predecessors and the kings whom he had vanquished. "By wearing this," said he, "I can make myself invisible in the midst of battle. Touch it not; if you do, you will die." Thereupon the missionary took it in his hand to examine it, turning it on this side and that. "Do you think," said he to Kingarou, "that I am afraid of a bundle of old rags?" The King, nowise disconcerted, then ordered his slaves to bring him an old footstool covered with the skin of an ape half eaten by moths. All excused themselves. "Alas!" said they, "we shall die if we touch that sacred object." "As for me," exclaimed the King, "I have only to touch it to cause the clouds to gather and rain to descend upon the earth." The stool being at length brought with much fear and trembling by one of the King's nephews, Father Horner took it in his hands. "Water, water," cried all the assistants, "wash your hands quickly, or you will die." "Kingarou," said the missionary, "you are a Mahometan; how can you possibly believe in this foolish nonsense?" "I do not," replied the King. "I know very well that God alone is the Master of life and death." "Then why do you allow such crimes to be committed?" said the Father. "Assuredly God will not leave you unpunished." To this the King made no answer, but crying out that the spirit had entered his body, he ordered his servants to carry him within doors. "Yes," replied Father Horner, "the spirit has indeed entered into you, but it is the spirit of evil who shuts your ears to the truth."

In spite of their plain speaking, the missionaries continued to meet with the greatest kindness from the old monarch and the most respectful attention from all his subjects. Repeated

attacks of a debilitating fever obliged them, however, to bring their visit to a close and turn their steps homewards. Though these regions possess the advantage of an elevated situation, the imperfect drainage and the miasma arising from vegetable deposits, is the fruitful source of fever and other ailments. Add to this the number of human corpses that are left to rot by the wayside, the remains of those who have fallen victims to disease or the cruelties of the slave dealers. In ascending to Ukami, the Fathers had actually to go several miles out of their road to escape the effluvia arising from a heap of corpses, the fruit of a sudden outbreak of cholera in a passing caravan. Nor did they escape unscathed, as several of their company were attacked by the same disease, and one woman, the wife of the King's secretary, died in the course of a few hours. This evident insalubrity of the country caused the missionaries to hesitate in their choice of a situation for the proposed settlement. Meanwhile, a sudden and unforeseen calamity burst like a thunderbolt over their heads, which obliged them to postpone for an indefinite time the execution of their cherished project.

The Dowry of Mary.

Lines suggested by the praises of the Virgin Mother found in the English poets
of the last half-century.

THEY parted thy dowry, my Mother,
Yea, e'en as a bride,
In the hour of her queenly enthronement
Led darkly aside ;
Despoiled of the bride-wreath and jewels,
And, weeping, sent forth
From a temple of God-lighted splendour
To snow-drifts of earth.

From the altar they led thee, my Mother,
They silenced the prayer ;
And the bell's quiet melody, pealing
Thy name through the air.
To the breeze and the waves they were flinging
The flowers of thy shrine ;
But the harp and the heart of the minstrel
My Mother ! were thine.

They parted thy dowry, my Mother,
The wealth of the land ;
But the harp's golden strings had resisted
The strength of their hand.
Hushed often to tremulous sleeping,
The Angel's sweet strain
Awoke to unconscious expression
Again and again.

For anon, when the storm-sounds were raging,
Like winds of the sea,
Upsprang, as the song of the seabird,
A love-note to thee.
And the soul, from its tempest-swept dwelling,
Breathed sweetness divine ;
For, the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
My Mother ! are thine.

Though the hands of the minstrel may never
Be folded in prayer,
Yet, wherever the harp-chords are wakened,
Thy dowry is there.
Though the eyes of the minstrel scarce ever
Are lifted on high,
To the heart that knows aught of true beauty
Thy beauty is nigh.

Though the lips of the minstrel have chanted
Earth's weariest moan,
With a soft startled cadence he singeth
A song of thine own.
Till in one lovely chorus, earth's poets
And seraphs combine ;
For, the heart and the harp of the minstrel,
My Mother ! are thine.

M. G. R.

Religious Activity in Modern London.

EVERY ONE who has been accustomed to the gaiety and brightness of a Sunday in Austria, or Catholic Switzerland, is struck with astonishment and dismay on first witnessing the tranquillity, the inaction, the dulness, of the better streets of London on the first day of the week. The sprightly visitor from across the Channel cries out in sheer dismay on finding that in England places of amusement are closed, trains slow and few and far between (and often none at all between eleven and one), exhibitions, galleries, gardens, museums, are all shut to the public during the twenty-four hours when the great mass of those for whose benefit they are chiefly designed are alone able to enjoy them. We Londoners are not struck with it ourselves, because we are accustomed to it all our lives; it moreover is in harmony in some sort of way with our phlegmatic temperament. It is consecrated by long usage and a deeply-rooted tradition of near three hundred years. It is supposed to be a sign of our intense respect for the Lord of the Sabbath, and to mark our superiority to the frivolous pleasure-seekers who, in contradiction to the Divine precept, seek their pleasure on God's holy day. It has something to be said for it. It is an immense improvement on the Paris Sunday, with its open desecration, its neglect of God, its general pursuit of life's ordinary avocations, as if no law existed bidding all Christians to abstain from servile work and honour God by presence at Holy Mass.

But, nevertheless, the English Sunday is a mischievous unreality—an unreality which, as years roll on, will disappear, and even now is beginning to fade away and lose its most marked characteristics. In its present form it arises, like so many other heretical usages, from an exaggeration of some one point of Catholic theology to the neglect of others. It is not the offspring merely of Protestant, as opposed to Catholic, usage. The Protestants of Germany are in no way distinguished from their Catholic neighbours by their stricter observance of the

Sunday. It is the distorted progeny of a hard-faced and unsympathetic Puritanism, enforcing with uncompromising rigour a precept which is Jewish, not Christian. It is one of those enactments conceived in the true spirit of modern Pharisaism, which sits but lightly on the upper class, on those who are in a good position and easy circumstances, but bears hardly on the poor and the labouring class, who, all the week through, have to toil in close work-rooms and factories, and have but a single day for rest and recreation. It ignores the natural cravings of the sons of toil, and, like all such exaggerated religiosity, fosters the very neglect of God it is supposed to promote. The innocent amusements of Merry England were a most valuable distraction for any class. Sunday cricket matches are much to be desired, and Sunday boating, though a strange etiquette forbids it in some places to the upper class, is happily on the increase, and bids fair to overcome the Puritan prejudice which still condemns it.

One of the objects of the narrow restrictions of the English Sunday is to encourage attendance at the public worship of God. If the citizen cannot find secular occupation, it is supposed that, for lack of the dangerous allurements of concerts, pleasure gardens, and other Sabbath-breaking places of amusement, he will betake himself to church or chapel. And indeed it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of church and chapel-going in English towns and cities. A series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* have lately described what it calls the various centres of spiritual activity—spiritual, be it observed, not religious, since the Positivist makes his appearance in the activities described, and Positivism, though it has a religion of its own, can scarcely be called religious in the ordinary sense of the word. The articles have lately been published together in pamphlet form. The collection is a sufficiently varied one. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are taken as the representatives of Church of England activity. The Birmingham Oratory is the only Catholic Church included in the list, though there is a further article on "The Catholic Priest." The remainder of the centres include the Metropolitan Tabernacle (of course), two or three Methodist chapels, the Jewish synagogue, the head-quarters of the Salvation Army, the meeting house of Friends, two Positivist halls, and a number of other buildings devoted to religious or quasi-religious purposes, amounting to twenty-two in all.

An introductory essay, bearing the initials W. T. S., and the work, unless we are mistaken, of the editor himself, sums up the general spirit of the whole collection. The object is to put before the world an accurate description of the work done at these various centres, from the pen of those who are themselves engaged in it. The preface is couched in that spirit of Liberalism which in modern days goes by the name of charity. It is not often that we find "comprehensiveness" pushed as far as it is in the following paragraph :

In essence all good men are of one religion. You only need to go deep enough to come upon the same bed-rock of conviction underlying all forms of religious faith. There is an infinite variety of perspective, but the object is the same. We do not speak exclusively of Christian activity. It is as remarkable in non-Christian strivers after the Ideal. Cardinal Manning and Mr. Bradlaugh have a common aim, which is of more importance than all the articles about which they disagree. Both believe that the world is not what it ought to be, and both agree in believing that it is incumbent upon every human being to mend it (p. ii.).

We scarcely like to print these words, placing as they do side by side a name we all regard with the greatest reverence and love, and one from which we turn with loathing as a synonym for blasphemy and immorality. The whole essay consists of a like foolish strain of denunciation of any dogmatic basis for religion. There is no sort of appreciation of any difference between the natural and the supernatural, or rather, we should say, the supernatural is merged in the natural. God is quite an unimportant personage compared with man. To work for His glory is not at all a *sine qua non*. The one thing needful is to provide for some want of the body or the soul of our fellow-men. This is the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*.

Every legitimate want of the human heart or the physical frame, every inspiration of the nature of mankind, should find in the Church a medium for its satisfaction and for its encouragement. Hence the need of widening the portals of the Church to include all who can minister to the service of Humanity. In the ideal Church there will be work enough and to spare for those who, although they have not found God, are willing and anxious to try and help men. Hence it is a favourite formula with us, indicating both the breadth of the communion of the faithful, and the exceeding great variety of works of service which may be expected at its hands, that "the ideal Church will include Atheists and run a theatre and a public-house" (p. v.).

But we turn with far greater interest to the various activities described. Activities is just the name for most of them. If the honest truth must be told, we cannot help thinking that they are based rather on that natural love of activity characteristic of the English mind, than on any real love for God or man. We do not say that their promoters are conscious of this prevailing motive within them, or that it is universal, even amid Protestants. Our readers will remember in *Bleak House* the account of Mrs. Pardiggle's most objectionable activity, and her visit to the poor brickmaker's house—

"My children attend matins with me at half-past six o'clock in the morning all the year round, including, of course, the depth of winter," said Mrs. Pardiggle rapidly, "and they are with me during the revolving duties of the day. I am a School lady, I am a Visiting lady, I am a Reading lady, I am a Distributing lady; I am on the Local Linen Box Committee, and many general Committees; and my canvassing alone is very extensive—perhaps no one's more so. I love hard work; I enjoy hard work. The excitement does me good. I am so accustomed and inured to hard work, that I don't know what fatigue is" (*Bleak House*, p. 72, author's edition).

Like all Dickens' descriptions, it is a caricature, but a caricature which contains a very large element of truth. We suspect that many a Mrs. Pardiggle might be found among the leading spirits of these centres of spiritual activity. But we should find another, and perhaps a more dangerous element. The love of satisfying our own innate energy is comparatively harmless, and generally accompanies all benevolent action as an unconscious motive. The love of satisfying the innate desire for gain is more subversive of schemes of benevolence, but nevertheless one that is a very considerable one in charitable organizations outside the Church. No one can help regarding with suspicion a spiritual system which fattens the pastors at the cost of the flock. If report be true, the pinch of poverty which has lately induced the Salvation Army to start a special "emergency" fund, was by no means felt at head-quarters; and the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle makes no secret of his gratitude to Almighty God for the excellent income and compact little property at Brixton which has accrued to him from his pastoral office. But to return to our activities.

First of all comes a rambling article on St. Paul's, professing to set forth the ideal of what a Cathedral should be, and the realization thereof in St. Paul's. The ideal is feeble, simply

because an illogical institution like the Anglican Establishment is incapable of an ideal, and we must confess that the realization, even as described by Canon Gregory, is more feeble still.

Next comes the Positivist Society, with a very definite ideal—

The business of a Church is to educate; to educate all round, in all useful things, in all spheres of human life: not merely to stimulate devotion (this most certainly), but furthermore to train the brain, to group and foster the sciences, to cultivate the arts, to regulate life; to consecrate, to teach, and to humanize, in the sphere of a man's daily work and in the practical conduct of affairs. A religion which surrenders this surrenders ninety-nine out of every hundred of the hours in man's life, and in the manifold workings of modern society. Hence, the ideal of Newton Hall is education—education in its widest sense, instruction in science, training in the laws of social life, in the laws of duty, of health, of political justice; education in art, in self-respect, in sense of human brotherhood.

In other words, there is to be a Church without a creed, a Religion without a God, devotion without any Personal being on whom the devotion is to be fixed. It is a Church which lacks all the elements of an organized society, a Religion incapable of kindling any enthusiasm save that empty and meaningless figment which the Positivist is pleased to call the enthusiasm of Humanity. It is a Church which has no head, no hierarchy, no founder, save the erratic theorist, half-genius, half-madman, who spent some years of his life in a lunatic asylum, and would have done well to remain there till the end of his days. At the same time we must admit that Positivism is logical and reasonable as compared with the contradictions of Protestantism. No one had a greater contempt than Comte for the vulgar form of theism on which he pours well-merited ridicule, and which he contrasts with the splendid organism and noble aims of the Catholic Church. His own system is simply Catholicity robbed of its motive-power. Positivism offers its adherents independence of all authority, save that authority which is based on intellect and requires no faith, no obedience, no submission beyond what reason exacts of any reasonable being. It ignores the field of the supernatural altogether, and when it intrudes its reasonable theories into the field of religion, it becomes ridiculous. It has no constructive power, and in a second Paper on Positivism its feebleness comes out more clearly than in Mr.arrison's description of Newton Hall. Mr. Congreve, another of the Oxford Positivists, goes further than his *confrère*, and in

his sacerdotal capacity of Priest (Mr. Congreve is a Positive Priest, ordained to that office by Comte himself!), he informs us of the religious aims of Positivism—

Our object is to preach a religion and to found a Church which may extend to all nations, to set forth the central truth of such religion and Church, to proclaim Humanity to the world, and in the words of Comte, to reorganize by her systematic worship. However weak we may be, however early the period, however inopportune the effort may seem, we are bold to take our stand in presence of the mediæval Catholic Church with all its offshoots, of which the Episcopal Church of England is the most important, confronting in common with that Church the irreligion, indiscipline, and, worse than either, the indifference of our time, and averring that, as a modern Catholic Church, we make the same claims as our mediæval predecessor to the spiritual direction of mankind, that we seek to substitute ourselves for it, that we continue its work, its teaching, its training, its discipline, its aspiration after universality, its desire for the unity of mankind, its noble efforts to shelter from suffering to console in sorrow (p. 17).

It is strange that a man of Mr. Congreve's ability should in his old age descend to such rubbish as this. "Bold" indeed he is, bold to the extremity of insolence, to take his stand in the presence of the Catholic Church, and he does well to apologize for his presumption, and to acknowledge the weakness and inopportuneness of this strange vagary of modern "Thought." But we must turn to one or two of the more respectable activities.

The Society of Friends (or Quakers as they are commonly called) exerts an essentially respectable activity. It is a very select body. All its members in the United Kingdom could be easily accommodated in the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Its enemies declare that the penalty of any want of respectability is expulsion, and that its benevolence to the sinner and to the fallen is united to a very stern internal discipline, which ensures the maintenance of a very intense respectability. If this is so, it is not altogether in harmony with the Catholic Church in its aim and object. It is, moreover, the foe of all ceremony, it has no sacraments, no internal ritual, and carries out to the very letter the words of Holy Scripture, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Its meetings can scarcely be called meetings for common worship.

A stranger attending one of these quiet assemblages might reasonably question whether the Friends were taking any fair share in the

spiritual and general elevation of the poorer and ignorant masses of the community around them (p. 24).

Yet there is no religious body more active in its varied benevolence.

Lending libraries, tract distribution, magic lantern lectures, young men's mutual improvement associations, temperance Bands of Hope for the children, cricket and football clubs, mothers' meetings, sewing-classes, clubs for procuring blankets, boots, and bedding, adult classes, a school for cookery, a flower mission, penny banks, a visiting Bible-woman, a special nurse, maternity societies, systematic district visitation, open-air preaching, and free Sunday breakfasts for the homeless, are among the various forms of work carried on in these buildings. A monthly magazine, also, entitled *Onward and Upward*, is edited and published from the Bedford Institute (p. 24).

As we read the account of Quaker activity as described by one of themselves, we cannot help saying to ourselves, "Harmless, but remarkably ineffective." To deal with the crying vice and misery of London with the feeble weapons of the Society of Friends is very like trying to stop a pestilence by distributing bottles of smelling-salts, or to cure typhoid fever or cholera with a few infinitesimal globules. In fact there is no attempt to conceal their own feebleness. "A curious point in connection with the work of the Friends among the poor," says Mr. Tallach, "is the general absence of proselytism." We do not think it is curious at all. There is nothing to attract the sinner in the very sincere but rather milk and water charity of this excellent body, or in their vague and unsatisfactory religious teaching. They make no attempt to convert: they do not sufficiently value the truth of their own doctrines to desire that others should embrace them; they limit their benevolence to the natural order, or to a vague moral teaching which is utterly ineffective against the storms of human passion and human vice. No wonder that they dwindle down to an insignificant handful, and that they do not share in the Divine promise, *Justus ut palma florebit sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur*.

The Unitarians are somewhat akin to the Society of Friends, in their absence of dogmatic teaching. They are essentially negative and Protestant. Their central dogma is a negation. It consists in a denial of the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. Of course this includes a denial of our Lord's Divinity. Miracles

are regarded by them at least with suspicion ; inspiration is an open question. They pride themselves on their superiority to all positive dogma, and their "subordinate interest in doctrinal matters." Their clergy have a perfect freedom to teach just what they please, so long of course as they keep clear of the two doctrines aforesaid. This delightful indifference to anything on which to build their faith gives them a liberty which they value and which is their true bond of union.

They have been able, therefore, to witness great changes in the elements of belief without alarm. Such questions as the nature and office of Christ, the authority of the Scriptures, the evidential value and credibility of miracles, have engaged them from one generation to another : they have been differently answered at different times, and are differently answered still, but these divergences have not impaired their substantial accord. Their cohesion may be in some respects likened to that of a great political party, which has traditions but no creed, which acts on certain unwritten principles, and is free to adopt new methods under new circumstances. . . . They have invariably protested against finality in theological any more than in scientific or philosophical investigations. The first principle in which the young men are trained who seek admission to their pulpits is to keep an open eye for every new fact : of their teacher no profession of belief is exacted ; nor are any standards laid down to which their instruction must conform (p. 21).

They are in fact of all Protestants the most consistent. They recognize that the ultimate goal of Protestantism is, if not infidelity, at least natural religion. They are among the most cultivated and intellectual of religious bodies external to the Church. They are on the increase in influence if not in numbers : and in the Church of England there are thousands of men who, whether they know it or not, are Unitarians at heart. Mr. Carpenter says with truth that their real influence is hardly to be estimated by the little group of their three hundred and twenty churches scattered throughout the United Kingdom. In spite of their small numbers they have often exerted a social power quite disproportioned to their apparent resources, so that the relative excess of their representatives in Parliament has often been matter of remark. But as a means of reformation to the outcast and the sinner, as a weapon for reclaiming those sunk in sin, Mr. Carpenter has to confess that the religious body to which he belongs does not bear an equally high reputation.

It has often been affirmed that Unitarianism might do very well for the rich and intellectual, but was powerless to reform the drunkard or the thief (p. 22).

Of course this charge is denied, but the example quoted in refutation is not without a certain suspicion of humour.

Not long ago a missionary of more than thirty years' experience in the East End of London declared that he had never known a family of whom his mission had taken hold relapse into the savagery of the "residuum" (p. 22).

We should like to ask this intelligent missionary to reckon up first of all the number of families of whom he could honestly say that his mission had "taken hold!"

We pass over Mr. Voysey and his Theistic Church, which is but a form of Unitarianism more directly insulting to our Blessed Lord, in that, unlike Unitarianism, it refuses to call Him Saviour, Lord, or Master—and the Primitive Methodists of Christ Street, Poplar, whose persevering activity is indicated by their motto, "At it, all at it, and always at it"—and the Swedenborgians, whose misty creed lays down as its first principle that "Jesus Christ is the only God, in whom is the Father, and from whom is the Holy Spirit," though at the same time it teaches that doctrines are only varieties of opinion that true Christians leave to every one to receive according to his "conscience,"—and the Wesleyan Methodists of East Dulwich, who seem to be an essentially social and jovial body (since we are informed that their church reception-room is "a large and lofty room, furnished with Brussels carpet, chairs, sofas, tables, and a valuable piano") and who boast that they have no Articles, and no formulated symbol of their faith, and various other eccentricities all of more or less the same type. But there is one activity we must not pass over. There is one name which has attained to a well-merited prominence in modern London.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has made the fortune of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He has been preaching for more than a quarter of a century; he has printed his sermons; he has treated subjects the most varied. Yet he never repeats himself, and there is a freshness and vigour about his style which has in no way diminished as years went on. We cannot help feeling a secret admiration for his success. As a rule his teaching is excellent, and, if his sermons do not convert

many souls to God, this is not owing to any personal shortcomings on his part, but simply to the fact that he teaches unsent and has no unction from the Holy One to impart to those who listen to him the Word of Life. The article respecting Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle is not by its central figure, but by one of his coadjutors, the Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. There is no fulsome laudation of his Principal in it, but a straightforward unvarnished statement of the work done. After Mr. Spurgeon himself, the two great institutions connected with the Tabernacle are the Pastors' College, where one hundred young men are trained for the Baptist "ministry," and the Spurgeon Orphanage at Stockwell, containing some five hundred children. Both these institutions are supported by the benevolence of the congregation of the Tabernacle. There is also an almshouse, a colporteur association for distribution of Bibles and religious books, a ragged school, a Bible flower mission which forwards bouquets of flowers to the inmates of workhouses and hospitals, at the same time ingeniously attaching a text of Scripture to each; loan tract societies, temperance societies, and various other good works. They all seem to be generously supported. The pastor is deservedly a favourite, and the congregation belong to a class who are always liberal. The English middle and business class are far more generous as a rule than those of the upper class. They take an honest pride in keeping up all the various institutions which have grown out of the religious centre to which they belong. They appreciate the value of their pastor's sermons and guidance, and delight to show that appreciation in hard cash. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the English bourgeoisie is "close." They have a keen eye for business, and do not like to see money wasted, but they are most open-handed when it is one on whom they can confide who asks for their support. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry his congregation presented him with a little personal offering of £6,000.

Mr. Charlesworth wisely keeps Mr. Spurgeon himself in the background. His varied activities are the best evidence of the character of the man. There is no doubt that the Tabernacle is a most remarkable fact of modern London. It holds about four thousand—six thousand at a push, and it is generally crowded when Mr. Spurgeon preaches—and has five thousand four hundred church members. It has thirty voluntary preachers attached to it, and seventy to eighty colporteurs. The latter

sell each year Bibles, religious books, and magazines to the number of nearly half a million. There are more than a hundred and fifty teachers in the Sunday Schools, and the Temperance members are reckoned by tens of thousands. We quite agree with the writer when he says :

Whether the Tabernacle be regarded as an ecclesiastical fact or as a spiritual factor, it cannot but excite a feeling of wonder when it is remembered that it has been created and sustained for nearly a quarter of a century by a man who has not yet seen fifty summers (p. 20).

As we read the account of these varied activities, even that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, we cannot help thinking how the devil must laugh in his sleeve at them all. Much cry and little wool is the motto which suits them one and all. They are stamped with the curse of barrenness. Bible and Tract Distributors, Mission Women, Floral Apostles, Sunday School Teachers, Voluntary Preachers, Temperance Lecturers, all have practically no influence whatever on the pagan masses of modern London. The Spirit of God moves not over the stagnant waters, and they are foul with the filth of sin just as if no effort were made by these well-meaning activities to purify them. The extreme futility of "activities" is almost as flagrant a fact as the futility of Protestant missions. It is a gigantic waste of energy. Of the influence of the various preachers who every Sunday harangue thousands of well-to-do listeners, we will say nothing. We cannot look into their hearts. But one thing we cannot help noticing. None of these modern apostles have the power of attracting the poor. They are utterly destitute of that magic power which draws the most degraded and the humblest to listen to the Catholic missionary. Of none of them can it be said that to the poor is the Gospel preached, and this in spite of all sorts of well-meant attempts to preach it. We cannot wonder at it. No religion save the religion of Jesus Christ can really play the part of the friend of sinners. None else can recall the wanderer ; none else can save the fallen ; none else can bind up the broken heart ; none else can restore the peace of God to those who have forfeited their happiness by sin ; none else can point the way to Heaven and reconcile the sinner to God.

The English Benedictines.

WHAT a host of recollections rise up before our minds by the words "The English Benedictines!" They carry us far back into the realms of the past, long before Stuart or Tudor held sway in England. When the fierce Plantagenet signed the great Charter of English liberty, there stood in that crowd of Barons many a Benedictine abbot rejoicing for the future of his native land. When the immortal Alfred laid the foundations of his country's greatness, the English Benedictines were already powerful. Back to within one hundred and fifty years of the landing of Hengist and Horsa on the shores of Kent, do the English Benedictines trace their origin. England was pre-eminently their field of labour. The history of the Benedictines is closely identified with the history of the Church in England. They were present at its birth, they were the glories of its life, they fell with its fall, they revive with its revival. Rightly, then, ought we to "praise these men of renown and our fathers in their generation. For these were men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed: good things continue in their seed, their posterity are a holy inheritance, and their seed hath stood in the covenants. And their children for their sakes remain for ever: their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken."¹

It is needless to relate the labours of the Benedictines in the conversion of England, glorious though they be, for they are written on the page of history. It will suffice to state that the faith spread slowly but surely from kingdom to kingdom, for it was not without a long and severe struggle that the worship of Wodin and Thor was suppressed. But the labours of many apostles, and the blood of many martyrs finally triumphed, and the Anglo-Saxons bowed their necks to the yoke of the Gospel.

With the conversion of England the work of the great Order really began. England owes blessings without end to the

¹ Ecclus. xliv. 1, etc.

children of St. Benedict. Their cloisters were scattered over the face of the land; for centuries every position in Church and State was filled or influenced by them. They were the advisers and reprovers of kings, the restrainers of the pride and cruelty of the barons, the protectors and teachers of the people. The number and magnificence of their abbeys and priories are such as to excite our astonishment. Canterbury, Westminster, Glastonbury, St. Mary's of York, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Albans, Evesham, Croyland, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bath, Durham, Winchester, Worcester, are among the most important of the three hundred Benedictine communities scattered at the Reformation.

The English Constitution was moulded in great measure by St. Benedict in the persons of his sons, Theodore and Dunstan and Lanfranc, Archbishops of Canterbury and Abbots of Christchurch. In Parliament the Bishops and Abbots formed the majority of the Upper Chamber. The common law of England had its origin in the courts where Bishop and Baron sat side by side. The Bench of Judges was presided over by the Lord Chancellor, who was generally a Bishop, and the Bishops with few exceptions were monks. It is the Benedictines, St. Anselm and St. Thomas, who defend the liberties of the Church against the lawlessness of Norman kings, even at the sacrifice of position and life. St. Wulstan destroys the slave trade of Bristol; while St. Aldhelm lays aside his episcopal ornaments, and in the disguise of a minstrel instructs his ignorant and careless flock in the mysteries of the faith. St. Bennet Biscop and St. Wilfrid introduce the Roman discipline into the Church, and bring over from the Continent experienced masons and workmen to teach the Saxons the arts of civilized life. The Venerable Bede preserves to us the history of these early times in his *Chronicles of the Anglo-Saxon Church*: while Cædmon is the father of English poetry.

But what is all this when compared to the every day humdrum work of the Benedictines in their hundreds of cloisters throughout the land? Modern England laughs at the Monks of Old, and mocks them while enjoying the fruits of their labours. "To their indefatigable industry in clearing, planting, and draining, is originally owing the superior cultivation of several of the counties of England, whole districts of which, from morasses and regions of sterility, were, in this manner, converted into rich meadows and luxuriant cornfields. The

Abbeys of Croyland, Glastonbury, Holm, Cultram, Ramsey, Rievaulx, and Thorney, to extend the list no further, were all of them reared in spots wherein, from never having been subject to the useful discipline of husbandry, nature reigned in primitive wildness; but the persevering exertions of the monks surmounted every local disadvantage, and changed the scene of desolation into one of exuberant fertility."² It was the monks who erected those magnificent piles which even in their ruin excite our admiration. It was the monks who stored up volume after volume of ancient lore; they it was who cultivated all the liberal arts. Attached to Glastonbury was a school founded by King Alfred, where were educated three hundred of the noblest youth of the land. Here were taught painting, sculpture, working in gold, silver, brass, and iron, as well as theology, philosophy, and music. Their homes were the hotels of Catholic England, where the weary traveller found repose. Their houses were the poor-houses of England, where God's afflicted ones were received and nourished, instead of being turned into state paupers to live in idleness and vice.

The influence of the monks on modern society can scarcely be realized. All that men yearn after as noble and good had its origin in the monasteries of this great Order. The author of an article entitled "*The Tablet* and English Civilization," which appeared lately in the columns of the leading journal of Dublin,³ does not in the least exaggerate when he says: "The constitution and action of the earlier religious orders formed the models on which lay institutions were founded. The Rule of the great family of St. Benedict well-nigh covered the whole field of human activity. In its union of labour with study, of skill with science, may be found the truest methods of material advancement; while in its use of the representative principle in government the highest example of Christian democracy may be found. Nowhere else is seen so perfect an example of the union of authority with liberty as may be met with in any Benedictine monastery; and the conformity of this Order with all that makes up the best interests of society is attested by its vigorous life, prolonged through fourteen centuries."

Such was the work of the English Benedictines when a storm, unexampled till then in the annals of the Church, burst

² *The Catholic Magazine*, May, 1841, p. 257, article "The Monks of Old." Reprinted in *Downside Review*, July, 1881, p. 267.

³ *The Weekly Freeman*, March 27, 1886.

over their heads. In 1534, the Parliament of England at the dictation of a lascivious tyrant threw off the authority of the Holy See, and proclaimed the King "only Supreme Head of the Church by law established." Fisher and More paid at the block for their fidelity to their faith. The Carthusians of the Charter-House courageously laid down their lives rather than break with the traditions of Catholic England. But it was on the English Benedictines that the greatest blow fell. The King and his courtiers cast hungry eyes on the Church lands, and in 1539 went forth the decree for the destruction of the monasteries. The abbeys were all suppressed and the monks turned adrift to wander as vagrants over the land, and to die in the road-side ditches. The last Abbots of Glastonbury, Colchester, and Reading were hanged before the gates of their respective monasteries. The houses were pillaged of their wealth and most of them destroyed. The lands were seized by Henry and distributed to his favourites for the most trifling services. Glastonbury, the grandest and wealthiest house in England, was turned into a factory, and its lands were divided among the Court retainers. The memory of one of these worthies is preserved in an old nursery rhyme familiar to most children :

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Needless to say the pie was Glastonbury, and the plum a good slice of abbey-land.

The long reign of Elizabeth had come to a close, and James the First sat on the English throne. Since 1539 no monk had been professed in England, except a few at Westminster during the brief restoration of religion under Queen Mary. Worn out by want, suffering, and persecution, the English Benedictines were all dead. Only one survived, and in him centred the traditions, the glories, and the privileges of a thousand years. Father Sigebert Buckley had been professed by Abbot Feckenham at Westminster. He had passed fifty years in prison for conscience sake, and, like Simeon of old, had besought God that his days might be prolonged till he should see the restoration of his beloved Order. His prayer was heard. Many

Englishmen had crossed the sea and had been professed in the monasteries of Italy and Spain. These holy religious were desirous to save from destruction the old English Congregation. Accordingly, two priests who were finishing their noviceship in Italy, Fathers Robert Sadler and Edward Maihew, were selected and sent to England to be professed by the aged patriarch.

"On November 21, 1607, the feast of the Presentation of our Lady, they were brought to the Gatehouse Prison in London, and conducted to the cell of Father Sigebert Buckley to be professed. It was a strange scene: the dull November light peering through the barred window, shed a dim glimmer on the rough ungarnished walls, the bare table, the rude bench, and the mat that served for the prison bed: the feeble bent figure of the confessor of the faith in his ninety-first year, with his pale face and glistening eyes, that with the excitement had regained their brightness, formed a contrast to the kneeling forms of the two novices in the prime of life with eager faces lit up with religious fervour. He received their vows, with trembling hands he arranged the habits, he gave them the kiss of peace, and then the sight left his eyes and he became stone blind: the last objects that on earth his eyes looked upon were his newly-born children of St. Benedict. Never perhaps in the history of the Church is there recorded an act of similar significance, for by that profession were communicated all the rights and privileges of the old Benedictines in England; they were the accumulated rights of a thousand years from St. Augustine in 596 to himself in 1607: the possessions and rights of the great abbeys, of the numerous monasteries, of the twelve Cathedral priories; all the privileges bestowed by Popes and Bishops, the Indulgences conceded by the Holy See, grants and immunities from King and Baron, all that the Benedictines could claim for a thousand years, were centred in himself as the sole survivor, and communicated to his disciples in that rough cell in the Gatehouse. This act of Father Buckley was formally confirmed by Paul the Fifth in 1612 by the Brief *Cum accepimus*."⁴

But the old order of things had passed away, and the restored Congregation hastened to accommodate itself to the circumstances of the times. The English monks professed in the abbeys of Italy and Spain were aggregated to the English

⁴ *Necrology of the English Benedictines*, p. 12. By Father T. B. Snow, O.S.B.

Benedictines. New Constitutions were drawn up to suit the altered position of the Order in England, and received the solemn approbation of the Holy See. And here it may not be out of place to give a short *résumé* of the Rule of St. Benedict—that Rule which has peopled Heaven with countless multitudes of souls, raised to the honours of the altar fifty thousand canonized saints, turned whole wildernesses into gardens, and civilized the entire world. This was the sole Rule of religious life practised in the Western Church from the sixth to the thirteenth century, except the Rule of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and that followed in the monasteries founded by Irish monks. It was the Rule observed not merely by the Benedictines strictly so called, but also by many other Orders, the best known of which are the Camaldolese, the Carthusians, the Cistercians, and the Trappists.

The Rule of St. Benedict consists of seventy-three chapters divided thus—nine relate to the general duties of the Abbot and religious; thirteen to the Divine Office; twenty-nine to discipline, faults, and punishment; ten to the interior administration of the monastery; twelve to different subjects, *e.g.* the reception of strangers, the conduct of the brethren on a journey. St. Benedict orders that seven times a day the monks should sing the praises of God in the choir; seven hours should be devoted to labour or study, and two to spiritual reading. The two great principles on which he builds up the edifice of religious life are labour and obedience; and the history of the great Order shows how well the monks learned these lessons. At the end of twelve months' noviceship the monk is professed. Formerly he used to take solemn vows, but of late years, by order of Pope Pius the Ninth, he takes simple vows for three years and at the end of that period is solemnly professed. The form of profession differs somewhat in details in the different congregations. That of the English Benedictines is as follows: "I, N.N., promise before God and His Saints, stability, conversion of my manners, and obedience according to the Rule of our holy Father Benedict under the Very Rev. Dom. N.N." As poverty and chastity are prescribed in the Rule no express mention is made of them. In addition to this the English Benedictines add an oath to serve on the English mission. "I, N.N., promise, vow, and swear before God and His Saints that I will go into England for the work of the apostolic mission, and that I will return thence, when and as often as the Very Rev.

President of our Congregation will judge it to be expedient, and shall command it."

I cannot without injustice omit all mention of the hospitality shown by the Benedictines at all times and in all places. I have known many people who after a single visit to a Benedictine monastery have remembered for years the kindness and hospitality of the monks. But it is those who have lived with them, and have been educated by them that really fall under this magic influence. For them it is a pleasure to return again to the home of their youth, and to enjoy though for but a brief season the society of the sons of St. Benedict. Old and familiar friends are gone, some scattered over the face of the earth, some sleeping the sleep of peace, but the same welcome is shown as of old, the same hearty greeting proves they are no mere strangers, but beloved children returning to home and family. I remember some years ago visiting the Abbey of Solesmes in France, where I was received with the accustomed hospitality of the monastery: but when I spoke of the English Benedictines and of Downside, the feelings of the Abbot and whole community in the midst of whom I was sitting seemed to change in my regard and I felt I was no passing stranger but a dear friend and brother. I was not allowed to leave until I promised to pay another visit if ever again I should happen to be near Solesmes. Alas! the hatred of an infidel government has been at work since then, and silence now reigns in that home of religious life.

The modern English Benedictines are divided into two provinces of York and Canterbury and four houses under a common superior, the Father President-General. Like all the subordinate superiors he holds office for four years, but at the end of each term he may be re-elected. The General Chapter meets every four years. It is composed of the Superiors and other officials and dignitaries, and is the supreme legislative authority. The provinces are under the control of Provincials to whom appertain all that concerns the missions. The province of York comprises all the missions of the six northern counties together with Derby, Cheshire, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Scotland: that of Canterbury the rest of England and Wales. The monasteries are:

1. St. Gregory the Great, founded in 1605 at Douai. In 1793 the community took up its residence at Acton Burnell in Shropshire, where it remained till 1814, when it removed to Downside, near Bath.

2. St. Lawrence, founded in 1608 at Dieulouard in Lorraine. This community also took refuge at Acton Burnell in 1794, and in 1802 settled at Ampleforth near York.

3. St. Edmund, founded in 1615 at Paris. Scattered by the French Revolution it was re-established in the old building of St. Gregory's at Douai.

4. St. Michael, founded at Belmont, Hereford, in 1859. It is the common novitiate and house of studies. Its church is the pro-Cathedral of the diocese of Newport and Menevia.

In addition to these may be mentioned, a house of studies lately founded in Rome at the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the convent of the Benedictine nuns of Our Lady of Consolation at Stanbrook, which are under the jurisdiction of the Father President-General.

The old titles which shed such joy on Catholic England are still retained in the fond hope that once again their ancient abbeys and cathedrals may be restored. These titles are merely titular and bestowed for eminent services. There are six abbots, who take their titles from Westminster, Glastonbury, St. Albans, Bury St. Edmunds, Evesham, and St. Mary's of York. The twelve cathedrals once Benedictine that give the title of Cathedral Prior are Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Ely, Worcester, Norwich, Rochester, Bath, Coventry, Peterborough, Gloucester, and Chester.

And who will say the Benedictines of the restored Congregation are not worthy of their saintly forefathers? "By their fruits shall ye know them."¹ And what are their fruits? Fifteen of the sons of St. Benedict died on the blood-stained scaffolds of England, several of whom we hope to see soon added to the list of God's saints. Ten died prisoners of the faith, while very many spent long years in prison rather than take the oath of supremacy. Of the three hundred and thirty Benedictine priests who died in the seventeenth century one only proved unfaithful to his vows in the face of persecution and suffering; and even he in his old age repented and returned to his obedience. And can we say the old Benedictine love of architecture has decayed when we see rising on the Mendip Hills a church and monastery that promises to be the grandest ecclesiastical building of Catholic England? The foundation of the new abbey of Fort Augustus in Scotland proves that the spirit of propagation, so marked a feature of Benedictine life, is not yet extinct.

¹ St. Matt. vii. 16.

They can show too men of sanctity and learning worthy to emulate the monks of old. The respect which forbids me to speak of the living does not hinder me from recalling to memory the illustrious dead. What Order would not be honoured by possessing Dr. Charles Walmsley, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, who in the midst of his arduous missionary labours found time to devote to mathematics? Monk though he was, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was appointed by the Government of George the Second to assist in the reformation of the calendar. What of Dr. John Bede Polding, the founder of the Church of Australia and first Archbishop of Sydney, and of his successor, Roger Bede Vaughan, whose loss is still lamented beneath the Southern Cross? Few among the modern English Bishops have left behind them a greater reputation than Thomas Joseph Brown, first Bishop of Newport and Menevia. There are probably very few who have not heard of James Norbert Sweeny, Abbot of St. Albans, whose name is familiar throughout England. And in their monasteries is living many a monk who silently and unostentatiously is treading the path marked out by St. Benedict. I have at this moment the remembrance of one of these holy men before my mind, a simple and humble religious, who struck even the most thoughtless of us boys with reverence. I have never known any one who realized the idea of perfect holiness better than Father Placid. Many a boy did he influence to good in his own quiet way, many a one did his example lead into the cloister, and when God called him to his eternal reward, his old pupils grieved for their saintly master.

And what of the Benedictine colleges? What of their system of education? Some time ago the supervision exercised in our Catholic colleges was the subject of public discussion. It is not my intention to examine the merits or demerits of the public school system; still less do I wish to condemn the system enforced in other colleges, supported as it is by the experience, and wisdom, and approval of learned and holy men. The tender age of youth is a time of great danger, when the passions are growing and habits of self-restraint unformed. The weak and delicate buds of virtue require special care to strengthen them against the cold frosty wind of worldliness and sin. Everyday experience teaches us how true are the words of the Wisest of Men, "The youth, according to his way, even when he grows old, will not depart therefrom."² Our fathers acted wisely in

² Prov. xxii. 6.

providing safeguards for our children—safeguards which will protect them from life-long misery. All my life through I shall retain the strongest admiration and respect for the educational system of the Benedictine Fathers.

Throughout a Benedictine college there reigns an air of religion. The first thing that struck upon our ears as we lay in bed in the morning was the voices of the monks singing the praises of God. The last sound that kept us awake at night was the same voices chanting Compline. High Mass and Vespers every Sunday and feast-day; the constant frequentation of the sacraments—so constant that during the last two years of my stay at St. Gregory's no General Communion days were announced—a well worked sodality and half-an-hour's spiritual reading every day served to promote a religious spirit in the college.

Then the free and constant intercourse between monks and boys, the games played in common, to such an extent as to allow all to participate in snow battles during winter, the great feasts of the year when community and boys dined together, the band that from time to time played after supper, during which some of the bigger boys served out punch and a kind of cake popularly called plumduff, the confidence at all times shown, the care taken in receiving boys into the college, the exactitude of the monks in never going beyond their own bounds without permission of the Prior, these and many others of less importance tended to foster and preserve the good spirit always existing in the house.

But what better and surer standard can we have by which to judge the Benedictine colleges than their fruits? "Do men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles?"³ It is I know but small proof to state that within recent years nine pupils of the Benedictines have been raised to the episcopate, a son of St. Gregory sits on the judicial bench, several members of the nobility and more than a dozen members of the Commons representing Irish constituencies in former Parliaments are sons of St. Benedict. This is as nothing compared to the number of vocations in Benedictine colleges; not merely to the Benedictine Order itself, but likewise to the other Orders and the ranks of the secular clergy. There is scarce a college in England which has produced more vocations than St. Gregory's, Downside. Parents have often spoken to me of the behaviour of boys in our

³ St. Matt. vii. 16.

Catholic churches, and have told me they never failed to admire the attention and devotion of the pupils of the Benedictines. I do not assert that all Benedictine boys turn out well. But I do not hesitate to say that the proportion of those boys who do not turn out well is comparatively small.

Finally, is the love and respect always shown by the pupils of the Benedictines to go for nothing? None of them will ever be found to speak unkindly of their old masters, but on the contrary they always speak of them with reverence and gratitude. They love to hear of their old *Alma Mater*, they delight in its welfare, and are never happier than when spending a few hours in the home of their youth and with the friends of their boyhood.

RICHARD F. CAMPBELL, S.J.

The Dragon—a Reality or a Myth?

I.

WAS there ever such a creature as a dragon? Did any living thing deserving such a name ever move and have its being on this earth? Or have these monstrous and unsightly reptiles never had any real existence save in nursery tales or as heraldic quarterings?

Gravely to ask such questions may seem like solemn trifling. Most people, without giving the subject a second thought, take it for granted that dragons and gorgons, and our more modern friend, the sea serpent, are all pretty equally mythical and preposterous. Mythical or not, the dragon is entitled to some consideration, if only for the conspicuous place which it fills in the legends, the symbolism, and in the art of nations. Besides, as our field of observation widens, from time to time we find reason for doubting whether we may not have been premature in relegating to the nursery legends and tales which on more careful investigation seem to rest on a fairly solid basis of historic truth.

The dragon tradition is almost world-wide, and traditions, though they receive some embellishment at the hands of the imaginative races amongst whom they are preserved, generally take their rise from something real and tangible. When we can prune away the luxuriant outgrowth of unchecked fancy, we may come upon the solid stem which the mythical parasites have overgrown and somewhat hidden.

As a tradition, then, as widespread as it is venerable, it is worth while examining such evidence as we can gather, in order to ascertain what may originally have started the strange dragon myths which held their ground well into the Christian centuries.

A great deal of curious information about legendary animals has been gathered into a very interesting volume by Mr. Charles Gould,¹ who has made many sciences, as well as the folk-lore,

¹ *Mythical Monsters*. By Charles Gould, B.A. London: Allen and Co., 1886.

and the written records of many nations combine to give their testimony to shed light upon the subject he has taken in hand. From these entertaining pages I have taken many of the facts set down in this short paper.

II.

The mere fact of there being an almost universal tradition among the nations of the northern hemisphere about the dragon, argues rather in favour of there having been, at some period of the world's history, a dragon-like animal. Without some kind of foundation *in rerum naturâ*, it is improbable that the imagination of races so unlike and so widely separated by time and place as those dwelling in Europe and Asia, China and Mexico, Assyria and Japan, should each and all separately and independently have imagined an animal with a certain sufficiently definite set of characteristics. Then, too, the imagination of man, however much it embellishes, does not create. Obviously it may be urged, on the other hand, that imagination has simply seized upon certain types of animal forms as a basis, and has combined them with much exaggeration to fashion the dragon. Such a process is most possible, and the argument in its favour very plausible; yet with all this possibility and plausibility, there is evidence enough obtainable to make us hesitate before we say it is the only explanation of the dragon myth, if indeed it be a myth.

We must bear in mind, that our first impulse, generally speaking, is to distrust and disbelieve anything that is new and strange to us. We are inclined to set down as impossible or non-existent anything not contained within the contracted limits of our own narrow horizon. This is as true of individuals as it is of communities. Columbus was not believed when he spoke of a variation of the compass which had never been noticed before his time, though afterwards verified by Sebastian Cabot and familiar enough to every one now. Many of us can remember the incredulity which met Du Chaillu's account of the gorilla, and how Stanley's African experiences and discoveries were received as if they were mere tall-talk, and with scant courtesy set down as pure inventions. It must be admitted that there is much in the idea of a dragon which taxes our belief—its individual parts are represented as so abnormal, its composition as a whole so opposed to our notion of what an animal ought to be, to say nothing of the preternatural endow-

ments often attributed to it. Yet its traditional characteristics are by no means so incredible as they may seem at first sight. Let us briefly enumerate some of them.

Without venturing to define a dragon, if we were to describe it as a huge reptile, say one hundred feet long, with a serpentine body, perhaps with enormous wings, crocodile jaws, and scaly armour protecting its exposed parts, we seem to be depicting an animal sufficiently fanciful to have no existence out of fairy-land. We need not suppose that the word dragon must be confined to one species only. Though we now employ it to signify a creature with wings, the dragon of the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Greek, and Roman was not winged, but the term seems to have been applied to any abnormally large serpentine or lacertian monster. Not that the dragon was ever looked upon as a serpent pure and simple, since old writers, like Aristotle and Pliny, draw a distinction between them: Aristotle, for instance, says that the dragon feeds on serpents. The size and strength attributed to dragons may also be gathered from what Diodorus Siculus, the Arab writer El Edrisi, and the *Shan-hai-King*, a Chinese work of great antiquity, concur in saying of it, viz., that it attacks and devours elephants. "The *Pa snake*," says the Chinese Record, "swallows elephants," while Pliny is more graphic: "Africa produces elephants, but it is India that produces the largest, as well as the *Dragon*, who is perpetually at war with the elephant, and is itself of so enormous a size as entirely to envelop the elephant in its folds."²

The dragon moreover is represented as being brightly coloured, differing in this respect from any reptile known to us. Its scales seem to have shone with metallic lustre, and the creature is spoken of as being golden, blue, red, or white. The Saxon dragon was white; Lucas makes it golden, apostrophizing it thus: "You also, the dragon, shining with golden brightness, you tear asunder vast bulls: nor is the elephant safe through his size."

This brilliant appearance of the dragon is indicated in the old English name for a wingless dragon, the Lindworm or Lindtorm, *i.e.*, shining worm. Two other items about the dragon may here be noted. It was said to assume a semi-erect position when excited, and often to have emitted a poisonous odour, fatal to animals in its near neighbourhood. The pre-eminence in the animal world, assigned to it by reason of its

² Bk. viii. c. xi.

size and ferocity, is amply borne witness to by the many nations which have adopted the dragon as their emblem, just as we now use the lion and the eagle. Chinese, Persians, Parthians, Scythians, Japanese, and Romans, our own King Arthur of many legends, the Teutons, who invaded England, all used the dragon as an effigy on their shield and banners. The dragon's head painted on Chinese junks and our own "Dragoons," each in its own way, bear their witness to the dragon tradition and serve to keep it still alive.

Legendary as all that is said of the dragon may seem to be, no hypothetical animal put together by a fertile imagination can be much more strangely composite or of vaster proportions than some of the forms preserved for us in geological deposits.

Let us take our imaginary one hundred feet long dragon, and compare it with some fossil forms which palæontology shows us must have belonged to creatures which at one time lived upon this earth of ours.

III.

One hundred feet for length may seem a round number taken for convenience, but as a length for a palæontological animal it is by no means excessive. Here are some pre-historic animals whose remains have been examined, classified, and named. The *Titanosaurus montanus*, supposed to have been a herbivorous land animal, reached a length of sixty feet. The *Atlantosaurus immanis* has a thigh-bone six feet long, which, supposing the animal to be proportioned as is the existing crocodile, would give the creature a length of one hundred feet. A thigh-bone of one of this species measuring twelve feet has been found in Colorado, which would give proportionally a length of two hundred feet. This length of two hundred feet may not have been so phenomenal as we might think, as Professor Mudge, in Colorado, saw ten skeletons of the genus *Cidastes*, the vertebræ of some of which showed that the living animal must have been quite two hundred feet long. Professor Marsh, also, in the Rocky Mountains, in 1877, saw skeletons of *Mososauria* quite sixty feet long. "I saw no less than seven different skeletons of these monsters in sight at once," he writes. Many other kinds of large sized animal remains are found from time to time. In a coal-mine at Bernissant was discovered a complete skeleton of an *Iguanodon*, an animal standing some twenty feet high, in the semi-erect kangaroo-like posture (some-

times attributed to the dragon), and measuring some forty feet from head to tail. Pliny speaks of turtles being found in the Indian Ocean with shells large enough to roof a cottage, an assertion which has raised many an incredulous smile, and might raise many more had not Dr. Falconer, among the deposits of the Siwalik hills, come upon the shell of a turtle measuring twelve feet, long enough certainly to roof a decent sized cottage in a tropical climate. Turtle roofs have this advantage, Ælian quaintly remarks: "those who use them never have any necessity for repairing them, as is the case with broken tiles."

Here, then, we have evidence enough to show that reptiles of immense size once existed, and, so far as size goes, the dimensions usually assigned to the dragon form no argument against its possible existence. It rather tells for it, since, if it did exist, it would most probably have been cast in the same large mould as its presumable contemporaries.

IV.

There can be little doubt that the actual number and the size of existing reptiles convey but a feeble idea of the magnitude of pre-historic animals, or of the terror with which such huge creatures must have inspired primitive man. A writer in the American *Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences*,⁴ puts the subject with such force and clearness that his words must be quoted in full.

"It is probable that in early times, when the arts were little known and mankind but thinly scattered over the earth, that serpents, continuing undisturbed possessors of the forest, grew to an amazing magnitude, and every other tribe of animals fled before them. It might then have happened that serpents reigned tyrants of the district for centuries together. To animals of this kind, grown by time and rapacity to one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet long, the tiger or even the elephant itself were but feeble opponents. That horrible fetor, which even the commonest and the most harmless snakes are still found to diffuse, might in these larger ones become too powerful for any living being to withstand, and while they preyed without distinction, they might also have poisoned the atmosphere around them. In this manner, having for ages lived in the hidden and unpeopled forest, and finding, as their appetites were more powerful, the quantity of their prey

⁴ Philadelphia, 1798.

decreasing, it is possible they might boldly venture from their retreats into the more cultivated parts of the country, and carry consternation among mankind, as they had before desolation among the lower ranks of nature."

We have many histories of antiquity presenting us with such a picture, and exhibiting a whole nation sinking under the ravages of a single serpent. (It may not be out of place to remark here, that the present annual loss of human life from predatory animals in India alone exceeds twenty thousand). In those early times man had not learned the art of uniting the efforts of many to effect one great purpose. The animal therefore was to be opposed singly by him who had the greatest strength, the best armour, and the most undaunted courage. In such an encounter hundreds must have fallen, till one, more lucky than the rest, by a fortunate blow, or by taking the monster in its torpid interval or when surcharged with spoil, might kill, and thus rid his country of the destroyer. Such was the original occupation of heroes.

But as we descend into more enlightened antiquity, we find these animals less formidable, as being attacked in a more successful manner.

We are told that while Regulus led his army along the banks of the River Bagrada in Africa, an enormous serpent disputed his passage over. We are assured by Pliny that it was one hundred and twenty feet long, and that it had destroyed many of the army. At last, however, the battering engines were brought out against it, and then, assailing it at a distance, it was destroyed. Its spoils were carried to Rome, and the General was decreed an ovation for his success. There are perhaps few facts better ascertained in history than this. An ovation was a remarkable honour. No historian would offer to invent that portion of the story, at least, without being subject to the most shameful detection. The skin was kept for several years after in the Capitol, and Pliny says he saw it there. Both the time and the place of the Bagrada serpent point it out as a possible survivor of one of those gigantic specimens met with as fossils, and with these fossils before us there seems no reason for doubting the absolute truth of Pliny's story.

V.

Fossil animals not only present us with specimens quite as large as any mythical dragon, they also show us curious

examples of the way in which types of genera are united in one and the same organism. Imagination never fashioned anything much more unlikely to exist than Cuvier's Pterodactyls, huge lizards, bird or batlike reptiles with crocodile heads, partially-toothed jaws, flexible neck, and membranous wings, measuring sometimes twenty-five feet across when outstretched, and having bodies covered with scales instead of feathers, as we infer from their toothed jaws, since no creatures have feathers that have not a proper bill to dress and preen them.⁵ It would not be easy to imagine anything more sinister-looking than the Archæopteryx, a creature hard to classify, since it is a quadruped, with bird-like talons, a long neck, crocodile head, no tail, and furnished with powerful wings. Some people are inclined to look upon these curious monsters as veritable dragons. The still existing duck-billed Platypus, and flying lizards, show us types almost as abnormally blended.

These strangely shaped monsters which exist or have existed, furnish us with some ground for conjecture, that others, no less strange, may also have had an existence, though we have not yet sufficiently explored nature's museum to find them. The remains of a huge kind of Australian lizard, twenty feet long, examined by Professor Owen, almost comes up to the ideal of a dragon. Its head was furnished with horns projecting both from its sides and from the tip of its nose, its body was protected by scaly armour, and the annular segments of its tail were armed with horny spikes. This *Megalanian prisca*, as it is named, looking like a much magnified specimen of the existing lizard, whose appearance has won for it the suggestive name of *Moloch horridus*, might have looked ferocious enough to have originated the idea of the dragon in the mind of any alarmed beholder.

VI.

When we find the remains of other gigantic reptiles, it may be asked how it is that, if any veritable dragon existed, they have *disappeared so completely* as to leave not even any fossil remains behind them. No doubt to disappear is the fate of animals noxious to man. The Mammoth, a gigantic woolly elephant, a third taller than any of our existing species, was once a contemporary of primitive man. Entire skeletons have been found in North America and in Siberia. A frozen carcase sixteen feet long, with the flesh still fit for food, was discovered

⁵ Bell, *On the Hand*, p. 83.

at the mouth of the Lena in 1799. The Mammoth's tusks exceed twelve feet in length, and it is estimated that the mammoth ivory exported from Siberia alone during modern times, must have been taken from twenty thousand skeletons. In spite of its size and its numbers, and apparent adaptability to climatic changes, it has become extinct, leaving not even a tradition behind it. The Mastodon is another species of gigantic elephant which has completely disappeared. Fossil remains of this animal have been found in India, in France, Italy, in North and South America, as well as in Norfolk and Suffolk, giving an extensive range of habitat, yet in spite of the wide diffusion it has long since become extinct. But we must not assume that our knowledge of extinct or existant animals is by any means complete. Some species for a long time known only in the fossil state, have been found to be still existing, as for instance, the *Challenger* in its deep-sea dredgings brought to light many specimens of fish which were supposed to have gone out of existence ever since the chalk epoch. A large two-horned rhinoceros with hairy ears was captured in India in 1868, in a district where naturalists had worked for years and had published what were supposed to be complete lists of animals to be found there. Yet this huge beast had quite escaped them, nor was there any portion of such an animal in any museum.

Besides the slow extinction of animals, many entire species may have been swept away by such a catastrophe as the Deluge. Like so many other things contained in the Biblical narratives, the very fact of the Deluge has been called in question, but with the data at our disposal, giving us not only the Biblical account, but also the Hindu, the Babylonian, the Chinese, and the traditions of all the races of the northern hemisphere, with the exception of the black, it is impossible even on purely historic grounds to doubt its actuality. M. Lenormant sums up the results of his researches into these traditions in these words: "A recollection thus precise and concordant cannot be a myth voluntarily invented. No religious or cosmogenic myth presents this character of universality. It must arise from the reminiscences of a real and terrible event, so powerfully impressing the imagination of the first ancestors of our race as never to have been forgotten by their descendants. This cataclysm must have occurred near the first cradle of mankind and before the dispersion of families from which the different races of men were to spring."

The intense destructiveness even of modern typhoons can hardly be realized by the inhabitants of temperate European climate. In the year 1876, on the 31st of October, a cyclone in Bengal destroyed 215,000 human beings, and flooded 3,093 square miles. In Canton, on August 11, 1878, a cyclone lasting only a few minutes, swept away 30,000 of the inhabitants. From these minor catastrophes we can gather what would have been the destruction caused by a typhoon lasting the 150 days of the Biblical Deluge. Such a cataclysm would be quite enough to destroy a species, and confuse the tradition relating to it. That a tradition should survive such a convulsion of nature is no small argument in favour of the actual existence of the dragon. Whether it actually disappeared in this way or not, from the few facts glanced at in this paper we may venture to surmise that the legendary dragon may, after all, have had an actual existence, that its appearance may be fairly well represented by the Chinese delineation preserved on robes and banners. In this case, it was, possibly, a lengthy lizard, carnivorous and hybernating, with a snake-like body, perhaps with wing-like extensions somewhat similar to those of the existing *Draco volans*. It may have been protected by armour, like the *Moloch horridus* or the *Megalanian prisca*. It seems to have been a land animal, though like many reptiles, it enjoyed bathing, and when fed, may have coiled itself up in some shady secluded spot, beneath some overhanging cliff or in a darksome cavern. It inhabited the highlands of Asia, and if so, may well have passed away during the Biblical Deluge.

W. D. STRAPPINI.

The Conscript.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

"ANOTHER conscription announced!" exclaimed the Conde de Viana, throwing down a newspaper he had been reading.

"This is a great evil, Marquesa, and others still greater will follow on its steps. Poor peasants! as if the hardships and misery of your lot were not enough! Oh! what a sad world! my friend, what a sad world!"

"But, Conde," answered the Marquesa de Alora, "if any strong argument exists against those who take on themselves to show up the wretchedness of the peasants' lot, surely it is to be found in the terror and desperation aroused in every village by the proclamation of a conscription? For indeed nothing can be compared to the agony with which the parents say of a son, *It is his turn to put his hand in the cantaro*. All the world knows the stratagems resorted to by young fellows to avoid being drawn. They inflict self-wounds and irritate these to give the appearance of ulcers, it is even related that one lad cut off a finger in order to make sure of his object. Yet any one who believes that this repugnance is felt towards military life as such, would make a great mistake; still less is it caused by fear, for valour is innate in man, it is a primitive virtue, and so found in all its perfection in the country where the softness and love of ease prevalent in our cultivated cities is still unknown. Neither does it spring from aversion to work, for peasants work far more laboriously, and their lives are beset with cares; nor is it a question of food, for the soldier is much better nourished than the peasant, who in summer expects and gets nothing but *gaspacho*. Moreover it is well known that a soldier's life is gay enough. What can be more jovial than those bands of young men to whom care is unknown, who one and all carry life as lightly as the knapsack on the back, and when not on duty give themselves up freely to the pleasures of

good-fellowship, making their mirth ring again in songs, dances, games, stories, and jokes of every description? We must therefore conclude that the immense grief and anguish that spread through the country when a conscription is notified, does not arise from repugnance to a soldier's life, but solely from dread of being torn from the place and life that are held so dear, from home with all its affections. The sentiment is founded on the pain of absence. To avoid leaving home all sacrifices appear light to the Spanish peasant. This clearly demonstrates that the peasants look on their lot as a happy one."

"Say rather that they love their lot, but do not deduce from this that they believe it to be a happy one."

"Conde, it is a proof of the weakness of a cause, if, as now, you are driven to defend it by sophism. What else can make a situation loved except the happiness afforded by it? In order to prove the peasants' attachment to home and family life, with all its pure affections, I will tell you an incident that occurred not long since. My maid related it to me with every least detail, for it happened to relations of her own. I will repeat the story with the scrupulous exactitude I always employ, for the smallest *floritura*, the least poetical embellishment might perhaps deprive it of its stamp of genuine truth, its purely popular character, which would in my eyes rob all my pictures of their authenticity, and perhaps give you occasion to say to me with your incredulous smile: *You compose novels, my friend: you compose them unintentionally, deceiving yourself. You are like the sculptor who forms a saint out of a lump of clay.* Not so, I am simply a vulgar daguerreotypist. He who does not care to see things in the light in which I present them, either looks at them with the supercilious glance of the used-up man of the world who never goes to the bottom of anything; or with the cold and bitter stare of the misanthrope that withers the flowers on which it is fixed."

"Your imagination," said the Conde, smiling, "is a rose without thorns."

"And you would seek to wither it?"

"On the contrary, I would rather water it from the spring of Youth. But let me hear your story."

"The world," began the Marquesa, "blames as extreme the anguish and grief of a mother's love——"

"And rightly," said the Conde; "all that is passionate in man's nature, even to the holy love of a mother, requires control.

Mary at the foot of the Cross, neither tore her hair nor beat her breast. Señora! señora! every day we pray, saying, *Thy will be done!* Is our homage sincere if immediately afterwards we rebel violently against that same will? Believe me, inordinate griefs are not Christian griefs."

"However excessive a mother's love may be," interposed the Marquesa, "I sympathize with it, and think it beautiful and moving."

"Grief which may justly be termed inordinate is senseless and suicidal, my friend, and those mothers who are, as it were, possessed by their love, deserve that their sons should die in order to teach them what real grief is."

"Conde, have you forgotten that you had a mother?"

"God forbid! I venerate the earth because she trod it; I respect it because her body has returned to it, and I long for Heaven because there her pure soul awaits me—but——"

"But what you admired in her, what in her charmed you and filled you with gratitude, you find fault with and criticize in others? *Love never says enough*, Conde."

"Marquesa, this beautiful expression can only be correctly applied to Divine love."

"You always contradict me, Conde. If only you knew how much I feel it."

"Do not be hurt, dear friend; a passing cloud which somewhat obscures the brilliant rays of the sun, refreshing the earth with a seasonable shower, does good."

"But why should you form a cloud in my heaven?"

"In order that its perfect purity and brilliancy should not lead you to believe that storms and tempests will never arise. But go on with your story. I will not interrupt you again."

The Marquesa began her recital as follows:

"No heart but must have been touched by the picture offered in the interior of one of the cottages on your estate the day that the lots had been drawn for the conscription. Stretched on a mattress on the ground lay an unhappy mother, while two of her daughters, themselves in floods of tears, supported her in their arms. On his knees by her side, and holding her hands between his own, was a handsome young man, her son, who had just drawn the fatal number that made a soldier of him. His father, seated on a low chair in the darkest corner of the room, twisted his hat round in his trembling hands, wholly unable to keep back the tears, which seemed forced from his very heart, and ran

down his weather-beaten cheeks. Two little boys cried aloud, repeating over and over again, 'Benito is a soldier, and our mother will die!' This scene of bitter sorrow became still more heartrending through the inconsiderate entrance of a young girl, who threw herself sobbing on the unhappy mother's bed, exclaiming:

"Aunt, dear aunt of my soul! There is an end of my marriage. He is going away and I only care to die. Benito! Benito! who put this number, this sentence of death in your hand?"

"A similar scene of desolation might have been found in six other homes in the same village. But, Conde, I want you to share my admiration of the people. In the midst of all their violent affliction, not a single complaint was to be heard against the Government or the regulations, not a word against military life; the complaints were all directed against their ill luck—the delinquent was the *number*! Benito left home, and it is impossible to describe the sufferings of his poor mother, or the grief of his betrothed, the young Rosa, who, like most of her class, felt in her heart that deep love which is at once the first and last, the unique love of a life; a love which concentrates on the same object the affection felt for the betrothed, the husband and father of her children, and the companion of her old age; an exclusive love which keeps the heart of the perfect wife free from all profanation."

"How different are your ideas," exclaimed the Conde, "to those that are found in novels, where the ideal of woman is vitiated, and every notion as to her destiny perverted. A young woman should be reared by her mother's side, should only bloom for her husband, and should find employment for all her simple wisdom in bringing up worthily the offspring God may bestow on her."

"This type which you describe so well, Conde, is certainly not generally to be found in novels, but only among the people who we look on as uncivilized and prosaic."

"Do you know," said the Conde, smiling, "that the people have a much better friend in you than in many who go by the name?"

"I should think so," answered the Marquesa. "I have in my favour all the difference between a true and a false friend. But I must get on with my history, for the hour of the *tertulia* draws near, which will interrupt my story if I do not finish in time."

Benito arrived with a heavy heart at the chief town of the province to join his regiment. Very soon, however, his sadness was dissipated in the society of his merry companions ; but not so his home sickness, or his profound attachment to his betrothed. The first night after his arrival he enjoyed a sample of his comrades' music and poesy, for having possessed themselves of a guitar, they began to sing, now one at a time, now in chorus, innumerable snatches of songs such as the following :

Cuatro cuartos me da el rey,
Y con ellos como y bebo,
Le pago a la lavandera,
Y siempre tengo dinero.¹

Shortly afterwards an order was issued for the embarkation of troops destined for the Havana. The term of enlistment being reduced by two years to those volunteering for this service, the conscripts anxiously availed themselves of the opportunity to shorten the period of their longed-for return to their homes. All volunteers were ordered to a seaport to await the day of embarkation. There they were lodged in barracks ; but shortly afterwards, whether from the heat of the season or from the unhealthiness of their quarters, a bad kind of ophthalmia broke out amongst the troops, and those attacked by it were sent at once to the hospital. Benito was among the victims on whom the disease appeared to have fastened with great intensity. The patients were attended by a young surgeon, who, besides being skilful, both felt and showed a deep interest for the poor young fellows committed to his care. Benito moved his heart greatly, for, besides his good disposition and handsome face, there was something about him that attracted sympathy. The surgeon saw with much concern that the poor conscript's ophthalmia was almost incurable, and whilst his companions recovered and left the hospital, one after the other, Benito's complaint increased in gravity. In consequence of the suffering state of the sick man, some days went by before the kind-hearted doctor could make up his mind to impart his fears to the unfortunate young man, thus threatened in the springtide of life never again to see the light of day or the objects of his affection ; and to find himself rendered useless in all the strength and pride of life, his

¹ Four farthings from the Royal till,
On these I eat and drink ;
On these I pay my laundress' bill,
And yet I've lots of chink.

good looks disfigured ; and though destined to be the support of parents, wife, and children, now himself exposed to be an object of public charity. After a time, however, the complaint appeared to settle in one eye, and the other in consequence experienced some relief.

"‘Señor,’ said Benito to the surgeon, ‘all my comrades have recovered and left the hospital. Is my complaint worse than theirs, that I do not mend?’

"‘Yes, my poor fellow,’ answered the surgeon, sadly, ‘your complaint is worse. God knows how hard I have tried to cure you. You will get better, but——’ The surgeon stopped short, full of compassion.

"‘But—what?’ asked the conscript.

"‘I fear,’ answered the surgeon, sadly, ‘that you will lose an eye.’

"‘That I shall be *tuerto*!’²

"‘I have done everything in my power to prevent it, but alas! I have failed,’ answered the surgeon, watching the effect of his words with much anxiety. What was his astonishment at seeing Benito give way to a most passionate and expansive burst of joy. The surgeon thought for a moment that his poor patient had lost his reason.

"‘Señor! señor!’ exclaimed Benito. ‘Blessed be God! A thousand blessings on you! Señor, I am a poor unfortunate fellow, but I wish I had the treasure of the Indies to reward you for such a benefit.’

"‘But, man, have you taken leave of your senses?’ exclaimed the surgeon. ‘Do you mean to tell me that you rejoice because I cannot save your eye? You are making game of me!’

"‘No, señor; no, señor,’ answered the conscript; ‘but do you not see *that now I shall go home?*’"

The Conde and his friend remained silent for some instants under the emotion felt by them, full of admiration at such a patent proof of the holy love of family and home; and compassionating the bitterness of a situation from which the poor conscript escaped with jubilee, even at such a terrible cost.

"You have fully proved your assertion, Marquesa," observed the Conde at last, "and as it is well known that the Spanish soldier is cheerful and docile, honours the military state, respects his country's right to call her sons under her banner, and yet, in spite of this, holds every sacrifice light to avoid changing his

² One-eyed.

lot—it must be acknowledged that the love of family and home are most deeply engraved in his heart. I had already heard of the incident you have just related to me. Benito is a nephew of my bailiff in Villareal, and by chance I happened to be there at the end of harvest, last autumn, when Benito came home.”

“And did he return unexpectedly?” asked the Marquesa, with anxious curiosity. “Were his family taken by surprise?”

“I learnt all the particulars of his return from my bailiff’s wife, who is so fond of hearing her own voice, that when she has exhausted all material and explained every circumstance, she repeats over again what she has already said, as we sometimes do in the Cortes.”

“Pray tell me these details, Conde. I cannot express to you how much it would interest me to hear them.”

“Several months had passed since the conscripts left their homes, but the pain felt by Benito’s mother and his betrothed was as keen as on the day of his departure. There is a great difference between those sorrows which bear in their very nature the word impossible, as a barrier to all hope, and those on which a distant hope shines out, even across the fear of other graver sufferings. But this very hope swells and agitates the restless waves of the sea of anguish which overflows from the heart. So it was with the conscript’s family, who believed that he had embarked for the Havana. They were all sitting together in anxious depression, on one of the stormy and melancholy nights by which the autumn of last year announced itself. The rain fell heavily; and the wind, appearing to boast of its invisible force and inconsistent power, gave vent to a melancholy war-cry as it rent the tiles from the neighbouring houses. No answer was heard to its roaring, except an occasional and distant clap of thunder, as from time to time a flash of lightning traced its way in the dark clouds with streaks of fire, while all the stormy agitation of nature found a faithful echo in the troubled hearts of the sorrow-stricken family. The poor mother——”

“Ah!” interrupted the Marquesa; “how well I understand what she felt. Grief never finds a softer bed than in a mother’s heart, and there loves to repose.”

“The poor mother,” proceeded the narrator, “prostrated before a crucifix and a statue of Our Lady of Carmel, recited the Trisagium in a low and trembling voice.

“*‘Ay Dios!’* she exclaimed, when she had finished the prayers. ‘My poor son who is now on the sea, on the sea

which they say swallows up more ships than the year has days! *Maria Santissima del Carmen!* Thou who hast saved the lives of so many sailors who have sought thy protection. Holy Mother of God, hear the cries of another mother! Señora! I would give all the years of my life to have my son at my side again. I cannot ask so great a miracle, but I implore that he may be saved from tempest and shipwreck. Save him, Señora! by thy Mother's tears, save him!

"Save him!" repeated the whole family, in the midst of their tears.

"Why did he ask to go to America?" sighed his cousin Rosa. "Why did he expose himself upon that sea which is no one's friend?"

"My son will be the death of me!" exclaimed the mother; "for what I go through is worse than a thousand deaths!"

"Yes, it is easy to see that your days will be shortened—not by Benito, but by yourself," said the father. "Since the Indies were Indies, have not Spaniards gone backwards and forwards, as I go to and fro to my farm? But assuredly Benito will be drowned in the passage! You have taken it into your head, and what you have once got into your head, not even a barrel of gunpowder would drive out of it."

"Be quiet, Martin," answered his wife; "you blame me, and yet you are as wretched as I am. *Dios mio!*" she added, suddenly covering her face with both hands, half blinded by a flash of lightning, which was followed by the short and repeated claps of thunder that appear to burst from the clouds when the storm is right overhead. The girls began to recite the *Santo*, *Santo*, *Santo*, and Maria, overcome by emotion, let her head fall on a chair, against which she hid her face, crying aloud:

"My son, my son!" At that instant someone shouted at the door, and the children ran to open it.

"*Santa Maria!*" they cried. "Father, father, a stranger!" But before their father could answer, a man rushed into the room, looked hastily round, saw Maria, flew towards her and caught her in his arms, crying:

"Did you not call me, mother? and here I am!"

"There are scenes that pencils cannot draw, nor pens describe. Every one in that house was transported with joy; in vain the clouds shot forth their lightning, and the wind roared its menaces, or the pouring rain inundated the house, the sun of May shone in it. Supplications gave place to thanksgivings.

"'Miracle!' exclaimed the mother, beside herself with joy.

"'Miracle!' repeated the whole family.

It was only when at last Benito drew near to the table on which a lamp was placed, that Maria noticed the loss of her son's eye.

"'Benito!' she exclaimed in great agitation. 'What is this?'

"'Only,' answered Benito merrily, 'that my leave has cost me *un ojo de la cara*.'³

"'Y no es cara,'⁴ said Rosa joyfully, with all the exquisite delicacy of true love.

"'Son of my life, have you been in battle?' asked Maria, in a terrified voice.

"'Yes, in the hospital, fighting against an enemy of my own, and not of his Majesty's.'

"'Ay Dios mio! Dios mio!' exclaimed the poor mother, crying bitterly. 'My son has lost an eye!'

"'And what does it matter as he has one left?' asked Rosa, laughingly.

"'Ay! how my son is disfigured,' sighed Maria, wringing her hands.

"'Not so, señora,' answered Rosa, with the same joyful air. 'So long as he seems well favoured to me, what does it matter? and to me he is handsome now, as he was before.'

"'My son is injured, my son is injured!' repeated Maria, weeping. 'I had rather that my eyes had been dried up, than live to see my Benito *tuerto*.'

"'But, señora, as you are not going to marry him, but only I? and I think it not worth mentioning,' replied Rosa.

"'I who brought him forth with two eyes more beautiful than two stars!' continued Maria between her sobs. '*Ay! que dolor, que dolor!*'

"'Do not cry, wife,' said Martin to Maria, 'rather give thanks to God for the mercy He has shown us, bringing our son home in safety. Only a little while ago you did not even dare to ask so great a grace of His Divine Majesty; and now when He has granted it, though you could not hope for it, in place of thanking Him, you cry over what has happened. You want everything without a drawback, and to the measure of your wishes; but, my wife, this cannot be, for it has always been said,

Cosa cumplida. . .
Sola en la otra vida."

³ *Cara*, face, literally, "an eye of my face."

⁴ *Cara*, dear, and it is not dear.

The Conde stopped speaking and the Marquesa also remained silent with her head inclined.

"About what are you thinking, my friend?" asked the Conde, after a pause. "Have I at least persuaded you by the logic of facts, that—*All is completed only in the other life?*"

"I was asking myself," replied the Marquesa, "which of the two cared most for Benito, his mother who was so greatly afflicted by his disfigurement, or his betrothed, who made so light of it?"

"Each was in their way the most perfect type of their respective loves," said the Conde, "and in my turn I must conclude from this, that there is one thing *complete* in this world—*all noble love in a woman's heart!*"

C. M. PAULI.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER LXVII.

OLD Pitmore went back to Pitacres, there to remain till the wedding of his heir. The other wedding was to be a week before—that is, in the first week of December—in the chapel at Freville Chase.

On one of the latter days in November, Colonel Claverock gave a large luncheon-party. The day was bright and mild. The hill behind shut out what little wind there was. The sea flowed clear and blue up the curved shore of the glen, pictured in a frame of brown cliff.

With this effort of hospitality Leofric had nothing to do, but he broke a law of that virtue as soon as he conveniently could. The occasion presented itself when two carriages had arrived, one after the other, from Freville Chase and Monksgallows.

Said he to the Stranger, "How is old Crayston?"

"What can one do with such a fellow as that?" thought Colonel Claverock.

"Very well when I last saw him," said the Stranger.

"What name do you go by now?" said Leofric.

"By my own," answered the Stranger, in a tone that said, "That will do;" and then he turned away.

"I don't care on my own account," he said to Lady Maud; "but for your sake I do."

"How can you separate that which is one?" she answered quickly. "For my sake never say that again, nor think it."

"That son of mine," said Colonel Claverock to Father Merivale, "is a great annoyance as well as a bitter disappointment. I am ashamed of him always, more or less: but he is simply unbearable to-day."

"You must remember," said Father Merivale, "that a Catholic child without a Catholic mother begins life under disadvantages that cannot be over-rated. Priests cannot

supply that want. They look to the mother for the foundations and the habits and the early impressions. There is no equivalent for what a mother can do. Then he was thrown on the world early—wasn't he?"

"Yes, at sixteen. He wanted to go into the army, and I hoped that, if I gave him time, he might be crammed for the examination."

"I see," said Father Merivale. "Failing that, and given the life of an idler abroad, the probabilities were bad; and you were not in a position to advise with full power, because the grounds of your own principles were indefinite then. I fear there is not much depth: but he is good-humoured and has a certain sort of simplicity. Try to work on that, and enter into what he is."

"I will do what I can, and as well as I can. Perhaps I should have done worse with his chances. And what have I done with my own? But can you tell me why it is that so many of the Catholic young men have such abominable manners? I don't mean that Leofric is exactly a specimen of them. What I mean is worse. His bad manners are imitative and nearly always good-humoured; but the manners I speak of are rude, over-bearing, and snobbish—more like the manners of a bumptious *commis-voyageur* than anything else that I can think of. It was otherwise, most distinctly otherwise, in former days. Compare them, for instance, with Sir Roger Arden."

"Poor human nature," said Father Merivale. "Don't you see the cause of all that? Catholics had been outcasts more or less, in their own country, for three hundred years, roughly speaking, when, partly through the Tractarian movement, which ventilated the question of what Catholicity is, and partly owing to the influx of converts, which resulted from it, they ceased by degrees to be looked upon as belonging to a sort of caste, and began to take their place in a way. This appeared to be a kind of new freedom, a supplement to the act of emancipation. The thing is new still, and the empty-headed show its newness by asserting themselves habitually. No one, whoever he may be, can do that without being more or less ill-bred and offensive. To find an excuse you must look back at the later consequences of the penal laws—the times when Catholics were in the position of tolerated outlaws—when they were not persecuted, but suppressed. The devil knew what he was doing when he inspired the change of tactics. It wore out the less wise and the less heroic. It was like putting a man's arm in splints. When the splints were changed for

a silk handkerchief the muscles had become flabby. Time and exercise are the remedies: but a little common sense would be a great advantage to many, and a little solid study of Catholic principles would give them the reasons. They read, or rather some do—but their minds want cultivation in the higher Catholic sense."

"Judging by what you quoted the other day," said Colonel Claverock, "and from what you explained, it seems to me that a certain amount of Thomistic philosophy would give the higher cultivation more than anything."

"Yes. Where that wouldn't, nothing would. Moreover it gives a habit of thinking straight."

Just then another guest arrived—the Rector of Grumford Stoneway—who liked Father Merivale and began talking to him.

The Bramscote carriages came next. The first contained Sir Roger, the two Privileged Catholics, who appeared in character, and a self-sufficient young man, also of the Privileged kind, who was engaged to the daughter. In the second were Edward Arden and his wife. Sir Roger and the Privileged Catholics came in first, then the curate of the parish, then Sir Roger's daughter, married to Sherborne of Hazeley, bringing with them two guests of theirs, husband and wife, the husband a cousin of his. These were De Beaufoy and Lady Fyfield, who had not been in the county since Colonel Claverock's return to Raven's Combe. After this they went in to luncheon.

"Who is that opposite?" said De Beaufoy to Mrs. Arden. "I don't remember him."

"But you remember Mr. Crayston?" she answered in a low voice.

"Yes, and I don't reckon it among the *Pleasures of Memory*. But what has he to do with the man opposite, who looks as if he were engaged?"

"He looks as he is. He is engaged. You will like him immensely. Don't ask me any more about it just now."

"I carefully won't. But just tell me this much. I hope it won't go wrong. It doesn't look so, but is it all right?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because, by the looks of them, I don't think that either would do with less."

"Your intuition of character is alarming," said Mrs. Arden. "What do you see in them?"

"I see in the one long curve of her lips, and its fixity at the corners, a oneness of strength and feeling that, if divided in action, might combine to crush her. In him I see a curious kind of likeness to a man who died from that very cause——"

"You mean Lord de Freville—Everard. I have noticed that: and yet he is not like. I don't know what it is. What is it?"

"Simply a likeness of character—the raw material, I think, is as nearly the same as could well be. But this man (I should fancy) has fought his way up to where the other began. I should like to know him."

"Isn't he Mr. Crayston's heir?" said the Privileged Catholic to Father Merivale on her right.

"I don't *know* that he is," said Father Merivale with diplomatic simplicity.

"Well, I thought he was that, anyhow. If not, how could they allow it? Does anybody know who he is?"

"I never heard that question till now."

"But you know him, don't you?"

"Yes. I have seen him, I think, five or six times."

The Privileged Catholic turned in her chair, and spoke to her next neighbour on the other side. But the Rector of Grumford Stoneway, who was on Father Merivale's right, continued the conversation. It was not his fault. The Stranger and Lady Maud attracted the notice of every one except Leofric.

"Is it true," he said, "that Crayston doesn't mean to make him his heir after all?"

"Did any one ever get at his meaning?" said Father Merivale.

"I suppose not. There is a mystery about him altogether. No one knows how much he really has, nor what his property is, except what he has in this county—which is very little, even now—nor whether he saves out of his income or lives up to it; and none can make out exactly what his principles are. You know him, don't you?"

"Scarcely. I spoke to him once, years ago, when he dined at Freville Chase."

"If the report is true," said the Rector, lowering his voice, "Lady Ledchester must be more unworldly than she was taken to be."

"My acquaintance with them," said Father Merivale, "is very slight; but as far as I can judge, there is no worldliness in her."

"She has been called so," said the Rector, "but I agree with you."

"So many people," said Father Merivale, "don't know what worldliness means, nor what they mean by it themselves, when they apply the term to others."

"True indeed. How do you get on with Lord Ledchester?"

"Very well when we happen to meet. He is a very good man, and thoroughly conscientious in his one prejudice."

"How jolly!"

It was not the Rector of Grumford Stoneway who said this—not at all—but the Privileged Catholic's daughter.

"I knew that I should get the truth out of *you*," she said. "Who did it?"

"Perhaps it opened itself," said Leofric, remembering that he had better be careful. "The spring might have got out of order you know."

"I don't believe that," said she. "There must have been a conspirator with a great black beard."

"Confound it," thought Leofric, "I hope she hasn't heard of old Corkscrew's get up."

"I declare I must see the place before we go," said she, loud enough to be heard by Colonel Claverock. "I won't let you off, I can tell you."

Colonel Claverock, perceiving that he was in for it, made up a cheerful countenance, and offered with apparent willingness to show that or anything else, in the house or out.

Soon afterwards, Lady de Freville, who acted for him on that occasion as lady of the house, rose from her chair.

"In about a quarter of an hour, then," said Colonel Claverock. The Privileged Catholic's daughter told the Privileged Catholic what they were going to see, and would have told the engaged, had he been less engaged with himself. The Privileged Catholic said, "I hope they won't leave me long with Lady de Freville. She bores me so." The engaged, being also of the Privileged kind, with little of the Catholicity and much appreciation of the Privileges, whatever they may happen to be, asserted himself continually.

"We have a specimen here of what we were talking about before luncheon," said Colonel Claverock to Father Merivale afterwards, as they were leaving the room.

"Poor young fellow!" said Father Merivale. "He has a great deal to learn and not much aptitude for learning it, I am afraid."

"I hope," said Colonel Claverock to the Stranger, "the neighbourhood is not going to lose you?"

"If it depended on my own inclination, certainly not," said the Stranger. "I love the neighbourhood for itself and for every kind of reason. This part especially, along the weird coast-line, with its background of wild hills and peaceful valleys, and its wonderfully old-world look, is to me the most attractive country that I have ever seen or pictured in imagination. And this was the first house I stopped at, except Mick's cottage. Here I was received first, with a kindness and hospitality that I never could forget. I shall be sorry indeed to go away: but necessity has no law. I don't know as yet where I shall have to be."

"I wish," thought Colonel Claverock, "that you were my son—I mean, that he were like you."

They were now in the drawing-room, and after a little talking, all, except Leofric, who was afraid of being questioned again, went upstairs to see the trap-door, Lady de Freville showing the way. With her came the deer-hound, who looked on placidly till she went forward to see the place by daylight. He wagged his tail but refused absolutely to let her go near. When the others had examined it, and Leofric, having persuaded himself to join them, had gone down as far as the second trap-door with the Privileged Catholic's daughter, they went upstairs to the chapel, and then onwards, meaning to go down by the other staircase and side-door into the shrubbery. A lumber-room door was open when they passed by, and Leofric said, "There's a jolly old carved bedstead. Old Mother Hop—, I mean, what's her name? who was here then, pretended it wasn't safe, and had it brought up here."

The Rector of Grumford Stoneway was fond of carving, and he looked in. The others followed. The head of the bedstead was divided into three compartments. The centre represented a scene from the Old Testament, and the two side ones were niches that held a pair of grotesquely carved figures.

Lady de Freville noticed this and went nearer. One figure was broken, and the remaining part of it bore a close resemblance to that which old Mrs. Coleman had left with her at Freville Chase, three months before.

As soon as they were in the shrubbery she told Colonel Claverock what she had seen then, heard before, and failed as yet to understand.

"I have brought the bit of carving with me," she said, "for I meant to ask her more about it. She is Mick's mother-in-law. You remember my asking you to let Mick stay on in that house under the hill?"

"Yes, it was that fellow, Leofric, who wanted the place. I was so much obliged to you for telling me the rights of it, which I ought to have known. I had better send the dog-cart for her at once, I should like to hear what she has to say."

When they had walked a little more about the shrubbery and glen, it began to be near four o'clock, and the guests, except those from Freville Chase, began to go home. Half an hour afterwards Colonel Claverock said to Lady de Freville, "I suppose I must order your carriage. I find Mrs. Coleman is inaccessible just now. She is nursing a family of half a dozen small children who came for sea air and have got measles or something. We must therefore put off investigation for the present, but you will come soon—will you not?"

CHAPTER LXVII.

A FORTNIGHT later, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, guests were arriving at Freville Chase from Monks-gallows, Bramscote, Hazeley, Raven's Combe, and elsewhere. Mrs. Atherstone was there, having come the day before with De Beaufoy and Lady Fyfield, the Sherbornes and Sir Roger Arden. Lady Maud, with Lord and Lady Ledchester, had also come to stay in the house. Lady Edith had not; for if she had come, what would old Pitmore have said? Leofric was there, too, but he spoke little, and sought the corners of rooms, where the presence of his person and the absence of apparent identity with his known self was hardly noticed, because every one had an object of exclusive interest there.

In the strictest sense they had two objects, for the cause of their interest was embodied in two people there present, who, by the fact of being each a person, had each an incommunicable soul: but these two were the Stranger and Lady Maud, one in heart, one in their past sorrows, one in happiness now, one in their future life, whose beginning would be within an hour.

"Have you seen the decorations in the chapel?" said Lord de Freville. "Mrs. Roland arranged the flowers."

"And beautifully she has done it," said Mrs. Atherstone. "I

have just been there. This wedding has brought me out of my shell."

"Or rather out of the shade," said Lord de Freville. "It suits lilies of the valley, but not you, still less your friends."

"I am so old," she said, "and I have begun to feel what that means. But I enjoy being here."

"And without you," said Colonel Claverock to her in a low voice, "we should not be here to-day. Your advice was the means of averting a hideous and widespread misfortune, for which, as far as it went and might have gone, I feel myself to be responsible. I thank you for myself."

Without waiting for an answer he passed on to the chapel.

"I wanted to say that," he thought, "and leave it so. If I had stayed, she must have said something; and what could she say satisfactorily to herself, looking at the whole case as it stands?"

"I see," said De Beaufoy, "the decorations are in good taste, which means that they are in accordance with the architecture and colouring of the chapel." After due examination, they went into the sacristy, where some little children were being instructed in the presence of Father Merivale as to their various parts in the procession.

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Roland entered the chapel to place some white camelias on the altar-tomb, and saw a solitary figure kneeling beside it. It was the Stranger. He rose up as she approached and said in a low voice, "Do you remember what you told me a year ago—just here? It seemed impossible then, but, in less than a month, turned out to be true. He had put me in the way; and I asked him then to help me by his prayers, if he could. The rest followed soon; and this—this day would never have been without it—without him. Yes; and you helped me, too—you did indeed. You were so confident in what you believed, that I said to myself afterwards, 'This is more than opinion; and if she, too, can be so sure of it, why should it be impossible for me?'" Tears came into Mrs. Roland's eyes and she tried to smile, but made no other answer. He turned away, for the time was drawing near; but as he went he looked once again at the recumbent figure on the altar-tomb, and repeated, "Yes; this day could never have been for us without him."

The chapel was now filling fast; and, when the wedding

party began to come in, there was no more room, except in the small space reserved.

Exactly at eleven o'clock the bride appeared with her father, but not, in strict parlance, leaning on his arm, as the *Ledchester Gazette* expressed it, for she had no cause of leaning. There was no nervousness in her, because nervousness implies doubt, in some degree, and she had no sort of doubt; but there was perhaps, a little in him—a little echo of a little scruple which had puzzled his conscience for awhile. Given the fact of her having turned, he was quite sure that "things had turned out for the best, all things considered;" but he was not quite so sure about giving her away in front of a real altar with six lighted candles on it. When Lord de Freville had assured him that giving away has no more to do with the sacrament than making the bride's dress or opening the carriage-door for her, and signified nothing more than his consent, he gave his arm, and was ready to give her: but he felt more at home afterwards when signing his name, because the marriage was then a fact with whose accidental grievousness of accomplishment he had no further connection, and only a softened remembrance. When the breakfast was over, the bridal party gone, and himself on the way home, he stated several times his firm conviction that all had been for the best, given the turning.

Some stayed longer, some till late in the afternoon. A few, amongst whom were the Sherbornes and their two guests at Hazeley, remained another day.

"I never enjoyed anything more thoroughly," said De Beaufoy, as the last carriage drove off. "When I was last in the neighbourhood the blow which had fallen on this house, and far beyond, was so great, that only by an act of faith could one see daylight through it. I have seen to-day how the dead can survive in their character and in their works—as the old rhyme has it

The dedde shall bring lyfe to Freville Chase.

I am glad that I was here this morning."

He went into the chapel, to look again at the monument. "It does not seem in discord with the wedding," he thought. "There was such a beauty in his life, that even his tomb harmonizes with all that is beautiful in the lives of others. So it is and so it must be. Francia's Pietà never makes one unhappy, because the suffering it represents is that which redeemed the world. For this reason, with an infinite difference,

the tragedy which ended beneath that marble altar-tomb harmonizes with every lawful hope."

If Mr. Mivart's *Nature and Thought* had then been written, De Beaufoy might have quoted his impressive words.

"It seems to me," he says, "that we could not spare evil, . . . if all pains and evil disappeared from this life, all that is most lovely would disappear with it. . . . You may compare the discord of life as we know it, to the jarring sounds of an orchestra whilst tuning, before the performance of some masterpiece with which the life hereafter may be compared."¹

CHAPTER LXVIII.

AS the Stranger and Lady Maud knew what they meant, and meant it to last, they cared the less about the nominal length of the honeymoon. Therefore, after staying a week at Netherwood, which Lord and Lady de Freville had lent to them for as long as they liked to occupy it, they accepted a very earnest invitation from Colonel Claverock, and went on a wedding visit to Raven's Combe, where Mass would be said the next morning, for the first time since the death of Sir Leofric Dytechley.

Lord and Lady de Freville and Sir Roger were coming for it. Father Merivale was there first. It was past four, but an early moon had just risen, and a few sparkles of light could be seen on the open sea.

"Will you take a turn with me in the glen before we are interrupted?" said Colonel Claverock. "The moon is getting up and the weather is mild, and I want to see as much of you as I can; for I don't know when I may be able to see you again."

"Why?" said Father Merivale; "what has happened?"

"I can't help it," answered Colonel Claverock. "I have done all I could to help it—I mean Leofric's extravagance. I kept all my troubles to myself as long as there was any hope of improvement; but the false expectations raised by that altered word in Sir Richard's letter, and by the forged will, made him worse. His debts now compel me to shut up the house and go somewhere abroad, in order to save the property for awhile. When I am dead it will go to the hammer, I suppose. He has no head and very little heart, if any. His constitutional good humour makes him the more impenetrable. I had hoped and

¹ *Nature and Thought*, p. 244.

believed that I should pass the rest of my days here; but now, when I should be able to feel a comfort and a repose of soul that I never knew before, nor even imagined, I am driven out, forced away, exiled from the place that I love so much for itself and for its memories, painful as they are, and where the Holy Sacrifice will have again been offered. There is no help for it. The day after to-morrow I shall discharge all the servants and go to London, to see about paying off his debts. I must come back, for a few days, to settle things and sell the horses. That will be the last of me in this old place. I shall never see it again. Will you tell them about it afterwards? I don't like to spoil their last visit."

He then began to enter into the whole case in detail, and they talked a long while.

When they joined the others in the drawing-room before dinner, Colonel Claverock showed no signs of any disturbing thoughts.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

FOR the first time after a lapse of more than five-and-twenty years, Mass was said in the old chapel at Raven's Combe. When, if ever, would the Holy Sacrifice be offered there again? Leofric, having been called three times, tumbled in late. Lord de Freville served the Mass.

At breakfast Leofric said nothing, and after breakfast as much, till he heard the Swiss butler tell Colonel Claverock that Mrs. Coleman had come.

"What can the old frump want?" said he.

"I sent for her," said Colonel Claverock. "I want to see her."

"What for? She doesn't know anything about old cork-screw, does she?"

"You have guessed precisely the truth. She does know something about her, and we had better, all of us, hear what it is."

Leofric was seized with a sudden fit of caution, and as soon as the ladies had left the room, walked across it to the door, which his father had just closed after them.

"I would'nt do that," said he in a fervent whisper. "She

may have sworn that you opened the trap-door, or something, and wanted to buy her off."

"You asked the question," said Colonel Claverock, "and there was but one answer to give."

"Well, I suppose it's all right," said Leofric, on second thoughts. "Hadn't we better hear it comfortably by the fire, in the drawing-room? She's a jolly old woman, and I dare say, would tell a good story."

"I must see her first," said Colonel Claverock; and out he went, followed by Leofric. "Don't leave them," he added: but Leofric thought it jollier to do so.

The jolly old woman seemed surprised at having been sent for, and half afraid, but still more so when, a few minutes later, she found herself in the drawing-room, in the presence of all Colonel Claverock's guests except the newly married, who, having been attracted out of doors by the sunshine, were then walking in the glen.

"Well! what's it all about?" said Leofric. Mrs. Coleman looked at Lady de Freville, and suggested the propriety of speaking in private.

"Go ahead," said Leofric. "They won't bite."

"You knew something, I think, of my late housekeeper," said Colonel Claverock.

"I did, sir," said she.

"Did you see her at the Coastguard Station?"

"Yes, sir, I did, after she was dead. Mick had told me it was the same that lodged with him a year ago, and I found he was right. She kept out of the way then, but I got a sight of her once; and I told my lady afterwards that I remembered the woman. When I came here to see you about the house, and she wouldn't let me see you—only you heard of it through my lady and made it right, and I thank you for it, I am sure—I got a sight of her, made up to look different and ever so much older; but she was the same for all that, and then, as I said, I saw her again, but like herself. That was when they sent for me after she died."

"What did you know about her?" said Colonel Claverock.

"A deal too much," answered Mrs. Coleman, speaking to herself rather than to him.

"I should be glad to hear what you know," he said.

Mrs. Coleman hesitated, till Lady de Freville came near and said, "Don't mind Sir Roger."

"Drive on," added Leofric.

"Sit down," said Colonel Claverock, pushing an arm-chair towards her.

She sat down and said, "It's a dreadful story, sir, but it might have been worse. It put me about, I know, terribly, and I can't get over it now. It was a chance as you may say, that I came to know as much as I have to tell. She was the woman—that I'll swear to—but where it happened I don't know and never shall, because I was brought there underhanded."

"This is a lot better than listening to the stuff they talk," thought Leofric.

"I was living," she continued, "in one of Sir Richard's cottages. I have lived in that part most of my time, and was born not far off, as my lady knows. My parents were gipsies (but I was brought up different), and one day in the year—I have got it written down in my pocket—a gipsy man, one that I had known pretty well, came and said to me, 'I can find a job for you that will bring you in a hundred pounds;' and he looked at me quite serious. 'Bless us!' I said; 'how can you do that?' He said, 'Should you be afraid of going in the dark?'"

"You didn't ask any more questions I take it?" said Leofric.

"I did, sir," said Mrs. Coleman. "I asked him if there was nothing wrong in it. 'Nothing at all,' says he. 'You be at Greenhaven on Tuesday, and I'll meet you at the Brown Bear.'"

"I hope he stood something at the Brown Bear," said Leofric.

"I didn't like it," said Mrs. Coleman, taking no notice of the interruption; "but a hundred pounds was a great deal to me, with three at home to provide for. I asked him about it again, and he said he could find somebody else who would be glad of it, if I was afraid. So I went; and he took me to a boat, and we got in and shoved off to a sort of large fishing-boat with sails, where he put me on board, and went back to the town. When we had set sail they said I must have a bandage over my eyes. 'Is that what he meant by going in the dark?' says I; and I wanted to be put on shore. 'It's a part of the bargain,' they said, 'and you can't get off it now.'"

"And a jolly good bargain, too," said Leofric. "Give me a hundred, and I'll be off like a shot, with both eyes bandaged."

"I couldn't help myself, then," she continued; "and so they tied a thick bandage over my eyes. We were out all the rest of the day, and an hour or two of the night, as far as I could

tell ; but what with having the bandage over my eyes—for they kept it on till it was dark—and being sea-sick all the while, I couldn't tell what was going on."

"You should have sucked a lemon," said Leofric, instructively. "It's the correct thing for sea-sickness."

"It was very dark," she said, "when we landed. They wouldn't tell me where it was ; and I am sure it might have been anywhere for anything I knew. One thing was sure enough ; it was a long way from Greenhaven, by the time we were out. They said I mustn't ask no questions, or it wouldn't be safe for me ; and then they put the bandage over my eyes again, and a great cloak with a hood, that come right over and hid the bandage. I was put into some sort of carriage, and we drove along, up and down hill, for about an hour, as well as I could make out ; but it may have been more. And then I had to walk a little way, and they said I must go down some steps."

"'Where to ?' I said. 'I won't go without knowing.'

"'It's all right,' says one—there was two of them, strangers to me. 'It's all square and there's no danger. I shall go first, and it's only a few feet down.'

"I couldn't say 'no,' for I didn't know a bit where I was, and they might have done anything they liked with me ; but I was in a terrible fright, and wished I had stayed at home. It wasn't far down, and when we got to the bottom, one of them said, 'You must take and crawl for a bit.'"

"Come, I say!" interrupted Leofric. "That won't do. I don't believe there's another——"

"Another what, sir ?" said she. "I don't rightly understand."

"Well, go on," said he. "It's a capital story. I hope you didn't put any one out of the way before you had done. Drive on."

"The man went first," she said, "and we crawled along till we could go upright, and then we went down hill till we came to a staircase. He helped me down, and then we got to a place where we stopped."

"Says he, 'It's a bit steep just here, but I'll hold you with this as safe as if you was on a Turkey carpet.'

"I felt about, and found there were stone steps, or something like that."

"'How far is it up to the top ?' I said. 'I can't say exactly,' says he, 'but you'll soon be there.' And before you could turn round he took and fastened a great strap round my

waist, and laid hold of the end. Up he went, and I had to follow, because he had hold of me: but the way was that long up the steps, and two ladders afterwards, I thought we never should get to the top."

"I don't believe you ever did," said Leofric. "You must have had a drop of something to warm you, and seen double."

"When I got out," she said, "I was led through a door, and a few steps to the right, and then through another door. They shut that door behind me and went away; and then somebody took the bandage off my eyes. It was the woman that died at the Coastguard Station."

"Will you let me look at the date?" said Colonel Claverock.

She pulled a piece of paper out of her pocket and gave it to him.

"It is the day," he muttered. "Go on, if you please."

"I only saw that woman," she answered, "and the lady lying in bed. Nobody else came in while I was there. I asked where the gentleman was; for it looked so odd, being brought there in such a queer way, and only one tallow candle burning on the table in the corner of the room, so that I couldn't rightly see her face.

"'He's away,' says the woman, 'and won't be back till to-morrow. You are known to be so clever in this way, that he told me to send for you; but he don't want it known, because it would hurt the doctor's feelings. We are going to send for him by-and-bye, so as to be a bit late.'

"'You haven't got much light,' I said.

"'It was the flurry,' said she. 'You mustn't mind about that.'

"'You had ought to have sent for me before,' said I, 'or for somebody else.'"

"And then you brought out some herbs gathered at the full of the moon," said Leofric, "and went up the chimney. Did you go home on a broomstick?"

"There was a son born," said Mrs. Coleman, "about two o'clock in the morning; and a couple of hours afterwards, the woman whispered to me that I must go away for a bit, because the doctor was coming, and mustn't find me there. She took me out through a door near the bed, and told me to wait there till she came for me; and then she shut me out and locked the door. There was a staircase going up, a step or two from the door. I could feel it, but I couldn't see where it went, because I was in the dark. I sat down on the steps to wait.

There was whispering in the room, and I heard steps where the other door was, where I had come in; I thought it must be the doctor's, and so I tried to look. I found a good big crack in the panel, near where I was sitting, enough for me to see through. I couldn't be seen. The curtains at the foot of the bed was drawn close, but I could see what they was up to on the other side. She—that woman—opened the door at the other end of the room, right opposite me, between the window and the fire-place. I remember the place quite well, because I took particular notice of it all; and there it was, right open, with a trap-door."

"This is rot," said Leofric, emphatically.

"It was the way I had come up," said Mrs. Coleman. "I am sure of it. And on the other side of the trap-door there was another door. I must have gone through that into another room, and then come round into the bed-room by another door. I saw that woman go down the trap-door; but she couldn't have gone far, because I heard them talking. Some one said, 'Are you sure she's asleep?' 'All right,' said the woman. Then up she comes, carrying a baby in a bundle hung behind her back. But I should have said that she laid the other new-born baby on the sofa before she went down. Well, sir, she goes and wraps up the right one in the shawl that had been round the other, and puts the new one in the cradle."

"Do you expect us to believe all that?" said Leofric.

"Well, sir, you must please yourself about believing it; but it's all true, and I saw it with my own eyes, just so. She took up the bundle with the right baby in it, slung it across her shoulders, and went down the trap-door with it a little way. I could just hear her say, 'Here he is, and I've put all he'll want in that bottle;' and then she came up again very quick, and shut down the trap-door. I was afraid to speak, for I thought, by the looks of it all, they wouldn't be particular about putting me out of the way. After that she came to the door behind which I was sitting, and opened it. 'You may come in now,' she said. 'The doctor's been and says she's going on as well as can be, and the baby too. She's sleeping now, and mustn't be disturbed.'

"I went up to the baby, and says I, 'Whatever's been done! That isn't him. He'd a lot of dark hair all over his head.'

"'Hush! You mustn't disturb her,' says the woman. 'It's all right. Don't you know that we shaves them immediate?'

"'No, I don't,' says I; 'and I've had a deal more experience than you have.'

"'We do in our country,' says she. 'It's best, and cooler for their heads, and the hair comes up quicker afterwards.'

"'Pack of nonsense!' I said. But just then there was a knock at the bed-room door and she went off to answer it. She was talking to somebody outside, and I heard her say, 'Be quick.' But I couldn't hear what else she said; and while her back was turned, I took and broke off a bit of the bedstead that was loose. I put it in my pocket to help me to know the place again. It was the bit I gave to her ladyship. But I had hardly time to do it, when she turns round and says to me, 'You can go now, and I'll show you the way.' So she took me outside the door, and beckoned me to follow her up the stairs. I forgot to say that she had brought me out of the room by the door where I peeped through before, and up I went after her to the top. I didn't dare tell her what I had seen through the crack of the door, for, as I said before, it all looked so queer, that I was afraid they might put me out of the way, and I should never get home to my children again. When we got to the top of the stairs she said, 'Here's the money and something over. Reckon it. You'll see it's a hundred pounds, and more than that. And now you must put on the bandage again. It's part of the bargain.' 'What for?' says I. 'Because, as I told you, the gentleman wants to keep it quiet and not offend the doctor,' says she; 'and that's enough for you to know. You have your money. If you don't be quick and put it on, there's them close by that will make you.' She gave me the money, put the bandage on, and led me along a passage or two, and then down another staircase, and out by a door into the air. Then I heard a man's voice say something to her, and he took hold of me and led me a little way over grass and gravel, and up a steep hill; and then we got into a carriage. I hadn't got in more than a minute when I felt something put into my lap, and found it was a baby. 'What's this for?' I said. 'You take care of him till we get on board ship,' said he; 'and I'll tell you all about it.'

"'Why did they carry the poor thing down that hole,' I thought, and I was going to have said it, only I was afeared of him knowing I had found out anything, helpless as I was; and so I only said, 'Whoever is he? and how did you bring him here?' 'Because nobody in the house should meet him,' said

he, 'that wasn't meant to know. I brought him down the way you went up.'"

"You were jolly well sold, I take it—weren't you?" said Leofric.

"We was over an hour," said Mrs. Coleman, "in that carriage. May be it was an hour and a half. When we got out the man carried me through some shallow water to a little boat, and then to the big one. I got into the cabin—a little dark place it was—and there I stayed till they made me get into the boat again. I was hardly seated in the boat when I felt them put that poor baby in my lap again, and a man said to me, 'You be as mum as a mouse, or we may be all took up and transported. That woman thinks I'm going to take the brat along with me and get rid of him somehow—you understand—but,' says he, 'that can't be done at no price. I know something better than that. There's a gentleman I know of that wants just such an heir to his estate. I've let him know about it; and when you get ashore you'll find a man waiting for you, and a grand carriage. He'll be well done by, and you'll be paid handsome.'"

"We must have been out in that sailing-boat some hours, for it was towards the afternoon when we landed. As soon as that man put me on shore he went off, and I never knew what he was like because of the bandage over my eyes; but he spoke foreign, something like that woman."

"Didn't they give you any grub all that time?" said Leofric.

"They did, sir, and plenty."

"You should have kicked up a row and roused the house, after you had pocketed the money. You might have got another hundred to be quiet. Didn't you find you'd been at home all the time, with a bottle of brandy instead of the hundred?"

"As soon as they had put me on shore," said she, "they got away as fast as ever they could, and when I had pulled off the hood of the cloak and undone the bandage—for it took a deal of time, with me carrying the baby and all—they was in the big boat and sailing right away. I didn't know nothing where I was, but I found afterwards it was somewhere beyond Peveridge Bay. There was nobody waiting for me. I walked up and down so long—above an hour it must have been—and then I saw how I'd been served. That man had left me there with the baby to get out of the mess as I could."

"I knew it was all a sell," said Leofric. "You weren't half

sharp. You should have made a row when you were in the house."

"If you had been there, sir," said Mrs. Coleman, "you wouldn't have thought so, with those rough men, and the woman that looked as if she wouldn't stick at anything, and that place, as deep as a well, where I might have been thrown down and never heard of again. I had to walk all the way to Peveridge and get a cart to take me and the baby home. I was terribly put about. It wasn't the expense only: there was the look of the thing. I made believe, it was a baby put out to nurse: but they would soon find out that nobody came to see after him, nor yet to claim him. Besides, I was afraid that if it was found out I should be transported. So I fretted and fretted, till one day I fell in with the rector of the parish, and he says to me, 'Why, Mrs. Coleman whatever ails you? You're grown so thin and pale.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'I'm in trouble, and that's the truth, but it's such as I can't speak of, because it might get me transported. It isn't my fault. I've been cruelly used.' 'You have known me long enough to be sure that you can trust me,' says he. 'Come this evening and let's have it out, and I'll promise you not to tell any one. Perhaps I may be able to help you.' So I went and told him how they'd served me—a nice kind gentleman he was—and he said he would think it over: and, after a bit, he came and told me that his own lawyer in London, who was a widower with no children, would take the child and provide for it. I took charge of the baby up to London—a nasty great smoky place it is—and I took him to the house. The lawyer's name was Crayston. They said he was a cousin, or something of the one at Marlton. I used to ask the rector now and again how the child was going on, and he told me regular till he died—that was about ten years ago. The lawyer up in London died just before. That child is the one that Mr. Crayston (him at Marlton) brought up. The rector told me not many months before he died that he had been to stay a couple of days at Marlton with Mr. Crayston, who was down for the shooting, and that he had seen the boy there, a nice strong little fellow as ever was. He has lived with Mr. Crayston ever since—till lately, however, for Mick took away his luggage from Marlton—the last day of July I think it was—but I was away at that time; and he stayed for a bit and then went off. We haven't seen him since: but he's the same that was born that night, and was carried down through the trap-door, and was

given over to me. A fine young man he is to be sure. I saw him once or twice at Mick's; but I didn't dare tell him, because I was afraid they'd transport me for doing such a wicked thing—a-robbing him of father and mother, and house and home, though I'm sure I never meant it. Mick said he was sure that Mr. Crayston had quarrelled with him, but I don't know about that. They tell me he's married Lady Maud. God bless her! and a good thing I'm sure for both of them. Well, sir, I've been wanting to do something about it a long while, because I had got a sight of her that managed it all; for I said to myself, 'I know that's her at Raven's Combe, and I'll make her confess to it.'

"What, old Corkscrew again?"

"Yes, sir: and I said I'll engage to make her tell, if I get the chance. That's what I said to myself, for I had kept the bit of carving—the same that I gave to my lady. But there, she died poor creature, and now there's only me to tell what was done that night."

"What's all this about?" interrupted Leofric. "She isn't going to say it was here, I suppose. What have you been giving her to drink?"

Colonel Claverock set his teeth, turned away, and paced the room two or three times. Then he beckoned Sir Roger and Lord de Freville to the inner drawing-room. His voice trembled and he breathed with effort. Leofric walked up to Mrs. Coleman, with his hands in his pockets, and said with an air of deep conviction, "You're drunk, you are."

"It must be with tea, then," said she to herself.

"Evidently," said Colonel Claverock to Sir Roger, "this is the house. It answers her description."

"Do you think so?" said Sir Roger. "But it couldn't have taken all that number of hours to get from Greenhaven here by sea, and afterwards from here to Peveridge Bay."

"No doubt they sailed round about to make her believe it was a long way," answered Colonel Claverock. "She who planned it would take care of that. The story we have just heard makes clear what that poor drowned woman tried to say when her mind was wandering, just before she died. I know why it was done, and so does Father Merivale, for I consulted him about her some time ago, when I had reason to suspect her on another account. My life has been a tragedy, and I ask of your friendship a charitable judgment. I must now verify the evidence by

comparing it with the places named. I am bound in honour and honesty to do that at once. Will you come with me, all of you, if you please?"

"I can't think how you can listen to such rot," said Leofric, slowly following the rest. Colonel Claverock said nothing. They all followed him upstairs. "Come first," he said to Mrs. Coleman. She did so, and found herself in a bed-room.

"I know this room," she said in a low voice. Colonel Claverock opened the first of the two doors that led to the dressing-room, raised the strip of carpet, undid the bolt, and opened the trap-door.

"Do you know that?" he asked, "or do you not?"

"Well, to be sure," she said. "If that isn't the very place where I came up. And that room in there is where I got out. Dear me! It seems like yesterday. But the bed is different."

He then opened the opposite door. "That was it," she said; "and there is the very crack in the panel; and those are the stairs."

"Don't you see," roared Leofric, "that she's trying to make me somebody else—nobody knows who?"

Colonel Claverock gave no answer, but went up to the lumber-room, where the carved bedstead was, and placed the broken piece on the mutilated figure. It fitted exactly.

"This is the bedstead," said Mrs. Coleman. "The curtains were red velvet."

Colonel Claverock pulled aside a white cover.

"And sure enough here they are now," said she, "only there's a white cover over them to keep the dust off."

"And who the devil would believe this cock and a bull story?" said Leofric. "And without any witness too, but yourself? I'll go to law about it, and you'll be had up for perjury. I never heard of such an infernal chouse in my life."

"I am sure I am very sorry, sir," she said. "I never know'd where the place was, nor ever thought to injure you nor any one else. But I couldn't go to my grave with such a secret as that in my own keeping. The gipsy man's alive, and could tell about being offered the hundred pounds to get me to go blindfolded in the boat; and the woman is alive that saw me bring the baby to Mr. John Crayston, the lawyer in London, lapped up in a crimson silk shawl over the flannels."

Leofric turned away and burst into tears. "It doesn't signify," he said, hurrying down the staircase. "I'll go and enlist,

if they'll take a poor devil without a name. I'll be off to-day, without saying good-bye to anybody."

Colonel Claverock followed him down the stairs and stood before him as he went through the bed-room.

"You haven't had a good chance," he said, "though God knows I meant otherwise. You had no mother, and I was not in a position to be of use to you, as I should, if all had been different. You know enough about me to know that, and Father Merivale knows it. But enough of that for the moment. All that I have of my own shall be yours, and while I live, you shall have as much of mine as I can afford. My name you *must* have—not a bad one—and you start with the goodwill that all right-minded people feel for a man in misfortune. Perhaps it will be the best chance you ever had. You wanted something to make a man of you. Let this do it."

Leofric was touched and surprised. "I didn't expect this at all," he said. "I was going to be off, out of the way. I am sure I feel your being so good to me, very much indeed—that I do. I know I have behaved very badly, and given you a lot of trouble."

He left the room, and they all said afterwards he had behaved well, while Colonel Claverock was saying to himself, "I am very sorry about poor Leofric, in a way, and I will do all I can to help him; but the identity is changed and the two men are not."

Lord de Freville, who had something to say on his own account, had gone to the shore and passed the headland, the tide being low, to look for the Stranger. He found him and Lady Maud in the Lady's Bay.

"I have something to tell," he said, "and something to ask. Don't think me impertinent if I begin by the question. Have you any record of your birth or infancy?"

"I can answer that question best," said Lady Maud, "for my mother gave me all the papers about it, that Mr. Crayston put into her hands last year."

"Do you remember the substance of them?" said Lord de Freville.

"He was taken," she answered, "when a few weeks old, to Mr. John Crayston in London, who was a lawyer. The Rector of—I am not so sure about the parish, but somewhere near Netherwood—said that he heard the story of his being found, but under a promise not to reveal it, because it might criminate

an innocent person. He knew all, except the name of the child, and knew enough to feel sure that he was well born. The lawyer had offered to adopt him, and he was taken to London by a woman in the village who had charge of him. There was no mark on his clothes, but he was wrapped up in flannels, and over them was an embroidered crimson shawl of Indian silk."

"Then," said Lord de Freville, "I bring excessively good news, but so startling in itself that really there is no use trying to make it look commonplace. You are the son of my cousin Edith, Mrs. Claverock, and therefore the heir to this place. Moreover, Netherwood is yours, according to Sir Richard's last wishes; for you are the next in the line, and you are what he wished its possessor to be."

The Stranger turned very pale, and for some time was unable to speak. "Poor Leofric!" he said at last. "If this is true (and how can I doubt when you tell me that it is so?), I must do what I can for him."

"Your father is going to do what is right and prudent about him," said Lord de Freville. "The sudden pull up has done him good, I feel sure, and may be the making of him. You will hear all about it from Colonel Claverock, and how he discovered it. And as to Netherwood—no, don't thank me. By being what you are, you have relieved me from a very painful position, and enabled me to carry out Sir Richard's wishes beyond his hopes. Try to meet Elfrida and myself at Netherwood as soon as possible, that all may be settled—to-morrow, if you can—and your father too. We can arrange about it at luncheon."

Lord de Freville hurried back to the house, and they, too, turned homewards. For awhile no words were spoken. The Stranger broke the silence first, and by survival of the fittest, his first words had selected themselves in relation to Lady Maud.

"Don't be angry," he said, "if I am glad for your sake."

"Not now," she answered. "It was only when you cared about it before." The Stranger said nothing in reply, but a cloud was gathering over his brow.

"What is it?" said Lady Maud. "Something there is that never was till now."

"I was thinking," he said, "that what I saw in the Lady's Bay, and again in that bed-room, was, in some way, an appearance of my mother."

"And if so," said Lady Maud, "what could be more natural

than her being seen by you at that time? Don't you remember the effect of it—how it gave you the first notion you ever had of the Unseen? Don't you see in it a providential supplying of that which, in your mind at the time, was the one thing needed?"

"Yes," he said. "But after so many years——"

"No one has seen her or anything in that room for the last ten months. I know that, for I inquired; and as for her appearance in the bay, it was always doubtful. It may have been true; but the story of the place and the light and shadow under the cliff, just after sunset, are enough to account for it. Certainly there has been nothing of the sort for some time, either in the house or in the bay. I know that for certain. Are you satisfied now?"

"I am," he said. "I want nothing more, nothing in this world—nothing."

Nor could he have wanted anything, if he had tried; for indeed what was there that he could want without losing his identity?

On entering the house after his return from seeing the Stranger and Lady Maud, Lord de Freville met Colonel Claverock in the hall.

"Lady Ledchester is coming to luncheon," said Colonel Claverock, "and I shall have to tell the whole story as soon as I see her. She will be here directly. I wish it were over."

"If I walk that way," said Lord de Freville, "meet the carriage, and stop to speak to her, the thing will be done."

He went up the hill and, after walking some little way, met the carriage. Lady Ledchester stopped it, and made him get in. "I hope there have been no more alarms here," she said. "You look full of something."

"No, no alarms," answered he; "but there *is* something for you to hear."

"Good news, I hope?"

"Yes, very good, but rather long; and if I don't give an epitome of the whole, you won't believe the end."

He told it as briefly as possible, but they had almost reached the house before the conclusion.

"I believe it all on your word," said Lady Ledchester, "but it certainly is——"

"A trial of confidence."

"Yes, it is," she said. "And they will be within a drive of

us! And then," she added, "I never could bear—*c'est plus fort que moi*—I never could bear the idea of his having to wear a wig. There is a fitness in things, and people ought to look like what they are. Poor Sir Roger! he always comes in for out-of-the-way things, and no one dislikes them so much. Really this neighbourhood has had a run of them, and is fairly entitled, I think, to at least a century of prosaic dullness."

"The old proverb," said Lord de Freville, "'It never rains but it pours,' is a very true one. The social atmosphere gets unsettled, and you have a series of storms, and then a long spell of steady weather."

"One sees the same thing in families, too," said Lady Ledchester. "You find half a dozen brothers, all unfortunate or bad, and the next generation going on quietly. There is Father Merivale. I am so glad to see you. How right you were about Netherwood! You were the only one that stood by Lord de Freville all through. The property might have been half-ruined by this time."

"And probably would," said Father Merivale. "Increase of fortune generally stimulates the inclination to spend money. But over and above the incalculable evils of other kinds which alone would have more than justified him, if he had been morally free to choose, there was a still higher principle at stake—the promise given to Sir Richard on his death-bed. There couldn't be a clearer case."

"Yes, but nobody, except you, could see it."

"Because they didn't know him, and I did. A report had been set about, and he had nothing to say against it. Half the world never think of asking themselves whether a plausible charge is or is not consistent with what they know of the person charged."

In the meantime Lady Maud and the Stranger had entered the house and met Colonel Claverock at the door of the library. He was very pale, but looked happier than he had been known to look during the last six-and-twenty years. He grasped the Stranger's hand, fixed his eyes on him, and said: "Yes, I do see something of her. There it is. God bless you! Take care of the old place that was hers, and live here sometimes."

"The place is yours," answered the Stranger, "and if it were not, it should be. But I shall always love it, and that for the strongest reasons I could have. I was born here; and all that makes life, as life, worth having, is associated with it."

They walked out into the garden, and presently Colonel Claverock stood still. There was a half-smile on his face, mingled with a suppressed look of pain.

"*Du sublime au ridicule*," he said, "*il n'y a qu'un pas*. I am driven to ask the first question in the Anglican Church Catechism: What is your name? Your Christian name I mean."

"I settled that," answered the Stranger, "when I was baptized, nearly a year ago. The baptism was unconditional, for Mr. Crayston had told me, with due self-acknowledgments, that I never had been baptized; and I then took the names of the man who first helped me to be a Christian and, as I believe, gained me the grace by his prayers after he died. I made him a sort of godfather. I took his names, Everard and——"

"You couldn't have done better," said Colonel Claverock. "Then you are quite sure that you are not Victor Emmanuel?"

"God forbid!" said the Stranger. "No! That was a private affair of Mr. Crayston's; and as I had no other name, and he was to me—what he was, I had to let it pass. And now, what is my surname to be?"

"Dytchley, by Sir Leofric's will, and by Sir Richard's wish."

"One thing more," said the Stranger. "Where is poor Leofric?"

"I don't think I could find him just now."

"Will you tell him, then, from me that I take the payment of his debts on myself? I ask that as a personal favour. You have had troubles enough. Let me have the happiness of knowing that you have no more to disturb you. Besides, I can arrange matters more advantageously with his creditors than you could; for they will be the more inclined to come to reasonable terms, feeling they have no sort of claim on me."

"Then all is settled," said Lady Maud.

"Yes, all," said the Stranger, "quite all."

And so it was indeed, so far as there is settlement in human things. Life without troubles can never be in this world, and he who expects it will find it least; but infinitely below the highest good, for which we are created, there is for those who are disposed and matched as the Stranger and Lady Maud were, an immense happiness that wastes not.

Reviews.

I.—CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.¹

THE value of the Bishop of Birmingham's former able and learned treatises on *The Endowments of Man*, and on *The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*, is doubly enhanced by this latest contribution to Catholic theology, which, under the title of *Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul*, completes the proposed series and crowns his subject. While we hold that a positive injury is done to the interests of the best work of fiction by the custom of giving in reviews an outline of the main features of its plot, yet in more serious works, our desire to study the several steps of any well-arranged and well-reasoned argument is greatly increased by having before us some general sketch of the lines along which it has been carried to its full development. We propose then to give a short analysis of the plan which his lordship has followed.

The first Lecture opens with the praise of Charity as constituting the perfection of the Christian soul, animating and employing in her service all the other virtues. This sovereign virtue of Charity has therefore been gradually more and more brought out in detail throughout each of the Bishop's three volumes. Along with it humility and patience are given both to protect it and bring it to perfection; and, next to humility, no Christian virtue stands more in need of careful exposition than the virtue of patience, not only that phase of it which is exercised under sufferings, but "that most important side of the virtue by which it gives strength and discipline to all the mental and moral powers, and perfection to all the virtues." After stating that the seat of patience, as of all virtues, is in the will, Dr. Ullathorne thus sums up its work within our souls:

This virtue is the tonic medicine of our enfeebled nature; it fortifies the will, soothes down the irritabilities that derange the soul, braces the

¹ *Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul*. A Course of Lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns and Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.

powers into unity, and gives stability to all the virtues. It secures the mind from dissipation, the will from perturbation, and enables us to preserve our self-possession. It is the pith and marrow of charity, strengthening the love of God in the children of light, that it may persevere under every cloud of tribulation and adversity.

If we consider the nature and object of Patience, it is both a special and a universal virtue. As the latter, it strengthens and protects all the virtues, and is opposed to every vice; as the former, it withstands the special vices of anger and vexation, and of sadness, which spring upward from our inferior nature. When the soul is truly patient, neither what afflicts the body nor what assails the soul can really do us injury. On the contrary, the soul becomes enriched with stronger virtue, and that fortitude is confirmed whereby we hold to God. Patience is a universal virtue, inasmuch as it not only directly seeks to reach the good, as faith, hope, charity, justice, and religion do; but also, like humility, temperance, self-denial, and repentance, it removes the obstacles that prevent us from seeking good. On the one part it causes the will to adhere to God with constancy, and sustains the other virtues that directly seek God; on the other, it strengthens those virtues that resist evil and all that disturbs the peace and self-possession of the soul. This double office fulfilled by the virtue of Patience naturally calls for and has received careful development on the part of Dr. Ullathorne. Lecture IV. treats at some length on Christian Fortitude, which is thus described:

The greatest moral strength of which the soul is capable comes of the Christian grace and gift of fortitude, of which patience is a potential part, that is to say, it agrees with patience in some respects, and differs from it in others. Patience is mostly concerned in overcoming the restlessness of nature, in enduring adversities, in resisting temptations, and in subduing or keeping away impatience, anger, or sadness. Fortitude is a braver and stronger virtue, is more deeply woven into the constitution of the soul, and is concerned with difficult action as well as with difficult endurance. . . . Patience therefore is included in fortitude.

Patience is next considered in its Divine Exemplar, Jesus Christ; in His infinite forbearance towards His rebellious and sinful creatures. The patience of God is the silence of His power, while His mercy speaks to the conscience; the grandeur of the patience of the Son of God is a great argument of faith. The sixth Lecture introduces patience to us as the discipline

of the soul, solving for us the great problem of our moral nature, what it is to hold our soul in our own possession, in the grace, truth, and love of God. God gives the law of patience, and the grace to fulfil the law; the exercise depends on the resolution of the will, and it is the patience of charity that makes our actions perfect. For the attainment of this virtue ten Rules are given, which our space does not allow us to enumerate in detail.

After this, Patience is treated of as the perfecter of our daily duties, for as high motives give them their value before God, and good will renders them vigorous, so cheerful patience makes them orderly, peaceful, effective, and pleasant, nerving the soul for the ready and unconquerable endurance of labour with a view to eternal glory. The Lecture which follows furnishes us with encouragements to patience; for "what," it asks, "is this Christian patience that any man should be afraid of it? It is the defensive armour of the Christian soul—pliant as well as strong, flexible, but impenetrable, light as air to carry, bright from its celestial origin like the armour of angels. . . . This virtue of patience is a sublime imitation of God. . . . There is nothing that we suffer for the honour of God, however little it may be, that is not more serviceable to us than if we possessed the dominions of the world. . . . Patience is that virtue which commends us to God and keeps us with God."

As fortitude is one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the author is naturally led into an eloquent and careful dissertation on the presence and operations of the Spirit of God within us, imparting to this gift of patience, which fortitude includes, its perfect work, and removing from us all doubting, diffidence, fear, shrinking, inconstancy, and changeableness. The necessity for our inconstant minds and unstable wills of patience in prayer, suggests a careful chapter on the true spirit and varied objects of Prayer in general. Among the conditions necessary for prayer the author gives the sixth place to patience, upon which the free, peaceful, and persevering attention requisite wholly depends; and the many and varied hindrances to this attention, or stretching forth and application of the mind to God and to Divine things, he proceeds most exhaustively to enumerate and explain.

A final Lecture on the Cheerfulness of Patience forms the fitting complement of the entire subject. The whole force and showing of this chapter proves that:

Only those souls which are disciplined in the patience of charity can be truly cheerful under grave trials. For this depends upon the magnanimity with which the spirit upholds herself above the pressure and pain of her inferior nature, and this can only be done by the brave and patient love of the spirit which looks to God, and by virtue of the trust which that love inspires, that if we are resigned to the trial God will show us a way out of it, and will deliver us from it in His own good time. Cheerfulness implies hope, courage, confidence in God, the turning a deaf ear to the complaints of self-love, and a certain modest joy in the consciousness that in the hands of God, "in whom we live and move and have our being," we are safe.

It remains but to add that, as in the previous volumes, so in this, we have the very rare and excellent combination of the fullest and closest argument, invested with all the weight and authority of most abundant and ably selected passages from Scripture and from the Saints and Doctors of the Church, and wonderfully enriched with beautiful and eloquent imagery, and with pithy sayings and aphorisms that carry home each point of instruction with bright and telling effect.

2.—THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL.¹

This is Father von Hummelauer's first contribution to the *Cursus Scripturæ Completus* which the German Fathers of the Society are publishing. He has been intrusted with the historical books of the Old Testament, and the present instalment offers high promise for the character of his treatment of the more important questions yet to be dealt with. The relation of the historical books to the pre-existing materials out of which they appear to have been to a certain extent constructed, is a favourite problem for the critics of our generation, and there is no reason why the "higher criticism" should be allowed to claim it as a property of its own. Inspiration, except when its subject-matter is beyond the reach of human abilities to discover, does not of necessity imply revelation, and it is quite recognized by theologians that in historical relations the inspiration imparted has in fact been mostly an impulse guiding and controlling the human writer in the use of materials acquired by his own natural powers and industry. Such an arrangement secures to the book, beyond its Divine authority, which may not

¹ *Cursus Scripturæ Sacre. Commentarius in Libros Samuelis seu 1^æ et 2^æ Regum.* Auctore Francisco von Hummelauer, S.J. Paris : P. Lethielleux, 1886.

at once be recognizable, the same human authority which attaches to any other writing of a reliable witness. A comparison of the Books of Kings with those of Paralipomena shows at once that in certain portions both have been drawn from some common source. Long passages, in fact, whole chapters, are not only parallel, but with occasional divergences, verbally identical. On the other hand, in Paralipomena we find clauses added which complete the sense, and thereby reveal themselves as belonging to the same source as the rest, whilst, nevertheless, they are wanting in Kings, where they do not subserve the purpose of the book. It is obvious to infer that neither has transcribed from the other, but that both have drawn from a common document. There is naturally much difference of opinion as to the nature of this previous document. Father von Hummelauer maintains it to have been the *Fasti* of King David. The existence of such a chronicle is attested by 1 Paral. xxvii. 24, and is besides in itself presumable with moral certainty. Given its existence, it was the obvious source for the writer to have recourse to. Moreover, the passages which thus reveal themselves as drawn from a common source are just those which relate to the public history of the people of Israel, whilst the additional matter of the Books of Kings belongs mostly to the private history either of David, or at least of the tribe of Judah. As regards the structure of the Book of Kings, Father von Hummelauer recognizes five distinct sections, divided as follows: The History of Samuel (1 Reg. i.—vii.); the History of Saul (viii.—xvi.); the History of David as an exile (xvii.—xxxi.); the History of David as King (2 Reg. i.—xx.); and an Appendix (xxi.—xxiv.) containing six disconnected fragments, which, however, bear generally on the subject of the book. That such sections must be distinguished is generally acknowledged, but authorities differ as to the exact points of division which are not very decidedly marked. The author takes much pains to exhibit the completeness of plan which characterizes these several portions, and thence infers unity and contemporaneousness of composition within their limits. The question next arises whether we may not take 1 Paral. xxix. 30 as a reference to the first and second Book of Kings. If so, the authors of the several sections were Samuel, Gad, and Nathan; and there is a tradition to that effect testified to by Josephus, the Rabbinical writers, and Theodoretus. This opinion is also

supported by the intrinsic evidence, which Father von Hummelauer carefully investigates. However, the work in its present form is homogeneous, and hence, if we allow that it is ultimately constructed of separate sections of different authorship, it is necessary to assume further a single hand which collected the portions, and fused them into a continuous narrative. To this collector we must also ascribe the occasional glosses, such as 1 Reg. ix. 9; xvii. 54; xxvii. 6, &c., which speak to an age long subsequent to the date of the occurrences related. In such a theory of redaction, or rather collection, there is nothing incompatible with the Vatican decree concerning Inspiration, provided only that the occasion was sufficient to justify a rehandling of the previous work, and that the work of redaction was itself inspired. It seems in every way probable that Nathan himself was the collector. The book must have received its final form before the composition of Paralipomena; and if so, how are we to explain the omission of the collector's name in the passage quoted (Paral. xxix. 30), except on the supposition that he was one of the three, and therefore the last of the three there named? We can also find a good reason why Nathan should have been directed to undertake the task. The idea of the Kingdom which God built up for the House of David, and the House which David and Solomon in turn built up for God, is the controlling thought of the whole book. Even the earlier portions are only preparing the way for this great undertaking in which they find their climax. Nathan's interest in this matter is manifest in all his relations to the royal house. Our author, therefore, supposes the Books of Samuel to have been composed by him for the instruction of the King whom God's Providence had destined to put the crown on the great work which occupied so central a position in the history of the theocratic people.

3—A HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS.¹

Notwithstanding the excellence and finish of Mrs. Jameson's works on Catholic Legendary Art, and her conscientiousness and keen interest in her subject, we find especial advantages in the *Handbook of Christian Symbols* before us. In the first place, greater force and reality is imparted to the whole treat-

¹ *A Handbook of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints*, as Illustrated in Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. With Descriptive Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Co.; London: Trübner and Co.

ment of types and emblems, and of the virtues and achievements characteristic of the Saints of the Church, when this emanates from a Catholic writer whose instincts and convictions are in complete sympathy with the subjects treated of. Again, while Mrs. Jameson owns that space allowed her merely to select those examples of sacred art, whether legendary or strictly historical, which she deemed of most general interest or importance, the Handbook before us is more detailed and copious, and comprises within its list names of Saints not so widely known, as well as Symbols and Devotions that are more familiar and come home more naturally to the Catholic.

The concise introductory section on Symbolism in Art, the adoption of the alphabetical order in the catalogue of Saints, whose lives are connected with such legends, stories, or well-attested facts as have been illustrated in Art, and the thoroughly adequate Index supplied at the end of the volume, are all distinct features making it especially available as a book of easy reference. It is well got up and generously illustrated by engravings, effective in character, if not of the highest finish in execution, so as to form an ornamental book for the drawing-room or library table, from which it may readily be taken up for consultation or brief perusal. There is no moment in the ordinary course of our reading, or in the flow of common conversation, or in our visits to churches and picture galleries, not to speak of visits to foreign countries, that we may not easily find ourselves at fault for an explanation of some religious emblem or event falling under our notice.

As regards the figures of Saints introduced as adjuncts to some such subject as the Nativity, the Transfiguration, or the otherwise isolated group of the Holy Family, the following paragraph answers a frequent difficulty :

In many works of art there is an apparent anachronism in the choice of the persons represented ; as, for instance, when the Virgin is surrounded by those who lived either centuries before or after herself. It must be borne in mind that such pictures were not intended to represent physical facts, but are devotional in their character and meaning. And if the persons represented are not living, they know no more of time ; for them it no longer exists, and that which at a careless glance appears to be the result of ignorance or bad taste is, in fact, a spiritual conception of the "communion of Saints," who belong no more to earth. When thus considered, there appears no incongruity in these representations, of which the Correggio at Parma is a good

illustration. In it St. Jerome presents his translation of the Scriptures to the Infant Jesus, while an angel turns the leaves, and Mary Magdalen kisses the feet of Jesus. . . . Certain Saints are brought together, because they are joint patrons of the place for which they are painted, as in the Venetian pictures of St. Mark, St. George, and St. Catherine. Again, they are connected by the same attributes, or similar events in their lives, as is the case with St. Roch and St. Sebastian—the first having tended the sick who suffered from the plague, and the last being a protector against it (p. 34).

In paintings belonging to different periods in the history of the Church the illustration of many marvellous incidents and adventures occur, in respect of which it would be exceedingly difficult always to mark off the purely historical from the mythical or the allegorical. As to these it is here well said that, "Wonders related in the lives of the Saints, which have undoubtedly a basis in historical fact, have often come down the years exaggerated, distorted, or invested in 'showy human colours,' either through the infirmity of credulous or over-zealous chroniclers or through the malice of the enemies of the Church," a notable instance of which suggests itself at once in the fabulous achievements attributed to the English national patron, "St. George of Merry England." However, it belongs not to the scope of a review of Ecclesiastical Art to settle these knotty points, but to draw them as painters have drawn them.

We shall conclude therefore with the pious and simple tale of Cædmon the Poet, for none of our island Saints are omitted in this book from the category of those whose lives Art has however slightly embellished.

Cædmon lived in the monastery of the Abbess Hilda, as a servant, until past middle life. He knew nothing of literature or poetry; and when it came his turn to sing at table, he went away. Once as he did this, and went to the stable to care for the horses, he fell asleep, and an angel came in a dream and told him to sing. He answered that he could not sing, and for that reason had left the table. But the Angel said, "You shall sing, notwithstanding," and when he asked what he should sing, the reply was, "Sing the beginning of created beings." Then Cædmon began to sing praises to God; and when he awoke he remembered all he had sung, and was able to add more also. When he told this to Hilda, she believed him to be inspired, and received him into a monastery whose monks were under her jurisdiction. He was instructed in Scripture; and as he read, he converted it into verse. His paraphrase of Scripture is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. He died peacefully, while making the sign of the Cross (p. 72).

4.—EUCCHARISTIC HOURS.¹

A book which contributes to the honour of the Blessed Sacrament is always dear to every Catholic heart, and the pious labour bestowed by Mrs. Shapcote on her inexhaustible subject must have been to her a labour of love. She has collected together with assiduous care a number of clear doctrinal statements respecting the Blessed Sacrament from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and it seems strange how any one can read their unmistakeable assertions of the Catholic doctrine without being convinced of the historical truth of her teaching. Intermingled with these direct testimonies are a variety of devotional addresses to and praises of our Lord in His Eucharistic Presence. What can be clearer as an indirect evidence of early Catholic belief than the following words of St. Ephrem (A.D. 378):

Let us see what the Good One hath given us, and let us hear the mighty Voice; and let not the doors of our ears be closed. Glory to that Voice which became Body, and to the Word of the High One that became Flesh! Hear Him also, O ears, and see Him, O eyes, and feel Him, O hands, and eat Him, O mouth! Ye members and senses give praise unto Him, that came and quickened the whole body! . . . Glory to Thy coming, which quickened the sons of men! Glory to Him, who came to us by His First-born! (p. 9.)

Or a still earlier passage of St. Irenæus (A.D. 202). Speaking of some of the heretics of his day, he says:

How shall they know that the bread over which they have given thanks is the Body of their Lord, and that the chalice is (the chalice of) His Blood, if they do not confess Him (to be) the Son of the Maker of the world, *i.e.*, the Word of Him by whom the tree beareth fruit, the brooks flow, and the earth bringeth forth, first the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear? (p. 68).

Or the still more outspoken declaration of St. Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 386):

Being fully persuaded that what seems bread is not bread, though bread by taste, but the Body of Christ; and that what seems wine is not wine, though sense will have it so, but the Blood of Christ; and that of this David sang of old, saying: "That thou mayest bring bread

¹ *Eucharistic Hours.* Devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the wise and of the simple in all times. By E. M. Shapcote. London: R. Washbourne, 1886.

out of the earth, and wine that may cheer the heart of man" do thou "strengthen thine heart," partaking of it as one who is spiritual, and do thou "make the face of thy soul to shine" (Ps. civ. 14, 15); and so having it unveiled by a pure conscience, mayest thou behold the glory of the Lord with open face, and be transformed from glory to glory (2 Cor. iii. 18) (p. 177).

Another very excellent feature in the book is the insertion among these testimonies of a number of stories relating the wondrous miracles wrought by this miracle of Divine Love. Many of these will be already familiar to our readers, though we confess that we read them again and again with ever renewed interest. The following from the life of St. Antony of Padua is one out of many instances in which the dumb beasts who recognized their Lord in the Stable of Bethlehem when rejected by ungrateful men, have recognized and adored Him under His Veil of Bread in the Blessed Sacrament.

In the town of Rimini there dwelt a notorious heretic of the name of Benipiglio, who, on account of his high position, exercised great influence over his fellow-citizens, many of whom, through his bad example, had been led to doubt the reality of our Lord's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. St. Antony, who, in the course of his journeyings, came into the neighbourhood of Rimini, sought a discussion with this man, and laid before him all the testimony of Holy Scripture on the subject. But Benipiglio hardened himself in his unbelief, and answered thus: "Thou being more learned than I, verily confutest me with thy words; as for me, what I seek are facts which will speak to the eyes. Give me these, and I will promise to believe as thou teachest." The Saint took him at his word, and gave him the choice of his proof.

After a few moments' consideration, the unbeliever, thinking to place the Saint in a difficulty, replied: "I have an ass at home, which for three days I will keep without food, after which time, in presence of the whole town, he shall be led into the market-place, and a sack of oats shall be laid before him. Do thou then approach with thy Sacrament, and if the beast leaveth the fodder and adoreth thy Host, then will I hold myself as conquered, and I will embrace the Catholic faith." In full confidence the servant of God accepted this extraordinary proposal, not doubting for a moment that God would guard both the faith and Himself from dishonour.

The intention of the Saint being noised abroad during the three following days, the market-place at the time appointed was filled with a great concourse of people, the Catholics having ranged themselves on one side, and the heretics on the other. St. Antony in the meantime was celebrating the Holy Mysteries in a chapel adjoining; and when the moment arrived for giving Holy Communion, he took the ciborium,

and, with the Host in his right hand, accompanied by the nobles of the city carrying lighted torches, he led the way to the place where the people awaited him. The ass had already seen the oats, when Antony, penetrated with the liveliest faith, approached, and thus addressed him: "In the Name of the Lord Almighty, whom, in spite of my unworthiness, I here hold in my hands, I command thee instantly to come forward and adore thy Creator to the confusion of wickedness and unbelief, and in order that all here present may know and acknowledge the verity of this Divine mystery." Whilst the Saint uttered these words, the heretics scattered the grain before the ass, coaxing him to eat. But the dumb beast, without so much as looking at the food, strode towards the Saint, and, with bowed head, bent the knee before the Blessed Sacrament as though he would adore. The people, amazed, uttered loud rejoicings; but many of the heretics drew back ashamed. Others, however, and amongst them Benipiglio himself, thanking God in all sincerity for this evident miracle, acknowledged the truth of the ever-glorious Mystery, and were received back into the bosom of the Catholic Church (pp. 203—205).

We must not omit to notice the excellent arrangement of Mrs. Shapcote's book. It is divided into three parts, each part furnishing matter for pious meditation and reading for ten days, so that the whole may be got through within the space of a month. The first of these parts treats of the Institution of the Holy Communion and Its relation to our Divine Lord; the second of the graces conveyed by It to the living and the dead; and the third, which may be called strictly the "Eucharistic" portion of the book, sets forth the praises due and the honour to be paid to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. We add one other story from the Appendix, not merely for its own sake, but because it shows how the supposed credulity of the middle ages is little more than a poor excuse for the stupid scepticism of modern unbelievers.

Nicolas de Flue, after he had embraced the solitary life, lived only on the Holy Eucharist. At first no one believed it. Many imagine that in past ages all news of this kind was received with an easy credulity, which they attribute to the ignorance of the times: but this is a mistake. For a month the inhabitants of Underwald, where Nicholas lived, surrounded his hut to make sure that he had never eaten food. Nevertheless the Bishop of Constance was not satisfied, and sent his suffragan Bishop to live with the solitary. The Bishop, astonished at the strength and vigour of Nicholas after so long an abstinence, asked him what virtue he preferred before all others; upon which he replied: "*Obedience.*" Whereupon the Bishop bade him eat some bread. Nicholas obeyed; but scarcely had he swallowed the

first mouthful, when violent vomiting ensued. The Bishop of Constance then determined to be himself an eye-witness of this miracle. He went therefore to Nicholas and inquired of him how he could live without eating. The saint replied that when he assisted at Mass, or received Holy Communion, he felt a strength and sweetness which satisfied him and supplied the place of food (pp. 263, 264).

5.—THE TRUE RELIGION AND ITS DOGMAS.¹

Father Russo is well known in Boston and the Eastern States of America as the able Professor of Philosophy at Boston College. He has succeeded in the difficult task of gathering round him year by year a class of students who have finished their humanities and desire the further training of a sound basis of philosophy. Those who have been present at the Academy, or terminal examination, of his class, have admired the skill which has contrived to impart a very considerable dialectic skill and thorough knowledge to the students under his care. In the work before us, Father Russo applies his philosophical acquirements to the work of setting forth in logical order the reasonableness of revealed religion and its dogmas. He commences by showing that a religion is necessary, and what sort of a religion, and that Christianity alone fulfils the requirements of such a religion, and that the Catholic Church, pre-eminent among all forms of religion, can alone fulfil the legitimate demands of one who looks for a Church invested with Divine authority.

Here we are brought face to face with the pre-eminence of the Catholic Church. Tried by this test, she alone comes forth in the world's sight invested with Divine authority, and intrusted with the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, for she alone can point to the proud record of eighteen centuries of labour, struggle, and triumph. All history proves that she is coeval with Christianity: her heroes, her works, her combats, her victories, all testify to her identity throughout the ages. Thousands of illustrious men, remarks Father Felix, from every rank of society, rise like constellations upon the centuries; they crowd the whole horizon of history and stud its vast extent; they are refulgent with the brightness of many glories—the glory of learning, of apostleship, of sacrifice, of virginity, of martyrdom, of sanctity. Every glory adds its jewel to their crown, as every age and every country has given them birth, for on all sides we perceive the traces of the saints of the Catholic Church, the footprints of her apostles, the blood of her heroes, the tombs of her martyrs (pp. 77, 78).

¹ *The True Religion and its Dogmas.* By Rev. N. Russo, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in Boston College. Boston: T. B. Noonan and Co., 1886.

The first part of Father Russo's book also contains three or four concise and useful chapters explaining various controverted points, *e.g.*, the meaning of *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*, the limits of infallibility, and the future lot of unbaptized infants, &c.

In the second part the author chooses out some of the main dogmas of the Church to be treated philosophically, and those to which rationalists object the most are shown to be in perfect accordance with enlightened human reason. The following little extract states in a word what seems to us one of the strongest arguments against the non-eternity of punishment in Hell.

If Hell be not eternal, our ruin is not irreparable; if our ruin is not irreparable, there is a natural means of being reconciled with God; if there is a natural means of being reconciled with God, then it matters little whether there be a Saviour or not, whether or not He died for our salvation, whether or not He offers His Blood for the expiation of our iniquities; it would always remain true that, if Hell be not eternal, Heaven would, sooner or later, be the everlasting abode of every soul. Doctrines are so woven together in the Christian religion, that one must concede either everything or nothing (pp. 250, 251).

Father Russo's book is closely reasoned, concisely stated, and intended for thinking, reasoning men. We trace throughout the practised hand of the philosopher as well as of the theologian. In these days, when such an interminable amount of wordy rhetoric and unsound argument is issued by the Protestant Press under the dignified name of theology, it is a most grateful task to encounter such a book as Father Russo's. We hope to see it very widely circulated and productive of great good.

6.—LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MARY CRESCENTIA HÖSS.¹

This biography contains the history of one whom the author in his preface does not hesitate to term one of the greatest ornaments of the Church in Germany. Her life was essentially a hidden one. Born in a small town of Bavaria, more than two centuries ago, when the spirit of insubordination and irreligion had not yet begun to work mischief in every class of society, of poor but extremely pious parents, she saw in her humble home nothing but the practical exemplification of Christian

¹ *Life of the Venerable Mary Crescentia Höss, of the Third Order of St. Francis.* By Father Ignatius Jeiler, O.S.F. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, 1886.

virtue, and even in her infancy the child seemed to have a wonderful sense of Divine things. Already, in her fourth year, she exhibited astonishing piety, and in the Acts of her Beatification it is stated that even at that early age the Infant Jesus appeared to her, and claimed her for His own. Little wonder then that the love of the world never obtained an entrance into her heart, that her youth was passed in innocence, simplicity, and undisturbed peace, her time being divided between work and prayer. On the days when she was to receive Holy Communion, on Sundays, that is, and festivals, she was accustomed to repair to the church long before the hour for opening it, when the heavily-bolted doors would open to admit her of their own accord, and close again behind her. At the age of twenty she was called to enter the Third Order of St. Francis, living in community; and since all who are destined, as she was, to attain the higher degrees of prayer and the interior life, must first pass through the passive purification of suffering, for some years she had to endure a series of painful trials: cruel treatment and injustice on the part of her Superior, suspicion and harsh judgment on the part of her confessor and other priests, assaults both on her body and in her soul on the part of evil spirits. All of these she bore with uncomplaining patience and courage, nay, even with joy and gratitude, after the example of St. Teresa, who displayed such heroic fortitude under that severest of trials, the persecution of good men. Like St. Teresa also, Sister Mary Crescentia made a vow to do in all things what appeared to her most perfect, and she was rewarded by God with extraordinary supernatural gifts. The Virgin Mother, whom she loved with unbounded confidence and devotion, appeared to her more than once, and on one occasion placed in her arms the Divine Infant; she was even permitted to see our Saviour surrounded by angels, and to hold marvellous intercourse with the Saints of the Church Triumphant. The interior fire of love made itself felt in her body, her blood seemed to burn, and in the coldest weather she could hardly bear the heat. Her whole life was spent in preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion, after receiving which her face glowed with celestial beauty, and an exquisite fragrance emanated from her person. The Passion of Christ was her constant meditation: like Catherine Emmerich, by an inward illumination she could give the slightest historical or geographical circumstance connected with the life of Christ, and describe scenes in the Holy Land as if

she had visited them. And though she did not receive the stigmata outwardly, she had the grace of participating in the Passion to such an extent, that every Friday she suffered acute pains in her head and side, and from twelve to three remained white and rigid as if dead. She had, moreover, power to read the secrets of the heart, and to perform many acts of a miraculous nature. The greater part of this volume is devoted to a picture of her virtues: her love of the faith and zeal for its propagation; her charity towards God, and to her fellow-creatures for His sake; her abhorrence of sin, her humility, her love of poverty and of penance. It concludes with an account of some of the miracles wrought at her grave; and it is to be hoped that the object the author had in view in making more widely known the gifts and virtues of this worthy member of the Seraphic Order of St. Francis, viz., that of increasing the interest necessary to promote the process of her beatification, may be accomplished, as surely as will his desire that his work may be useful for the instruction and edification of the faithful.

7.—THE PIRATES OF THE RED SEA.¹

Whether narratives of travel are dull or amusing generally depends more upon the narrator than the facts narrated. We fancy the writer of these recollections could make almost anything entertaining; at any rate the wonderful adventures he recounts possess an attraction greater than that of fiction; each one of the hair-breadth risks he ran, the daring exploits he achieved, would be enough to make an ordinary man a hero for the rest of his life and furnish matter for a lengthy tale. There is more of dialogue than of description in the volume before us, the latter being confined to such remarks as are necessary to render the former intelligible. In the first chapter the reader accompanies the traveller, who has disguised his nationality, across the salt-encrusted lakes between Tunis and Egypt, and sees something of the dangers of the desert, and the sort of justice administered by Turkish functionaries; in the second our friend is on the borders of the Nile, enjoying the reputation of a skilful physician, and in this character making the acquaintance of a fair maiden who is shut up against her will in a harem, and whose rescue he effects; the third and fourth contain accounts

¹ *The Pirates of the Red Sea.* Translated from the German of Karl May. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1886.

of his encounters with the pirates of the Red Sea and robbers of the desert, and affords a glimpse of the peculiar life and customs of the wandering and warlike tribes as well as of the physical aspects of the country. One cannot help admiring the ready wit and unfailing resources of the narrator, which no less than his intrepid courage and cool daring save him in many a dangerous and difficult situation; so clever is he that, although he is an European and a Christian, he penetrates into the famous sanctuary at Mecca and obtains water from the holy well; he outwits the treacherous Turk and the wily Arab; he distances the Bedouin in feats of horsemanship and teaches the warrior-sheik secrets of military strategy. The character of *Halef*, his discreet and faithful servant, is full of originality and humour, and in the last part we come across an Englishman, whose portrait is sketched, if not in flattering colours, at least with no unkindly hand.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

America is fruitful in prayer-books and hymn-books destined to supply the varied wants of the faithful. Among these is a *Hymnal and Vespers*,¹ containing an excellent collection of hymns to be sung during Mass, with the psalms and hymns of Vespers for the principal feasts of the year—besides the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception and Angel Guardian in English. The compilation, which is small and cheap, is especially intended for Sunday Schools, but is also suitable for ordinary church choirs.

We are glad to find St. Anselm's Society adding to its other good works the publication of a series of conversations on the Blessed Sacrament.² They are edited by Canon Bagshawe and contain in simple language the Church's doctrine respecting the Holy Eucharist. The first part gives the principal types in Holy Scripture which relates to It. In the second part

¹ *Hymnal and Vespers for the Seasons and Principal Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year.* With the Approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy, 1886.

² *Conversations on the Blessed Sacrament.* Preparation for First Communion. Edited by Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe, D.D. London: St. Anselm's Society, 5, Agar Street, Strand.

objections are answered, disputed texts made simple and reconciled with each other and the distinction between literal and figurative language clearly set forth. In the third part the teaching of our Blessed Lord and St. Paul is given, with an account of the early history of the Mass, the different liturgies, the ceremonies of the Mass, and last of all comes the very practical portion of the book with hints useful to all Catholics, especially the young and to recent converts, on the subject. The whole is given in easy conversational form, and the interlocutors in the dialogue are, a Catholic lady, her two daughters aged sixteen and eleven respectively, and a young lady who is staying with them, and whose only objection in becoming a Catholic was the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. The book is thorough in its treatment of its subject, and is pleasantly varied in style and matter.

A series of letters³ which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* on the kidnapping of Catholic children into a certain abominable "Birds' Nest" which exists in that city, have been collected and published in a pamphlet form. It is the usual story of shameless proselytism—a story which we can confirm from personal experience. The agents of Mr. Quarrier's home are ready to supply the necessities and comforts of life on the condition of the little ones of Jesus Christ being handed over to heresy and sin. Their ignoble tactics are covered with a veil of slimy pietism. "We have to ask our friends to rejoice with us that the Lord has again answered prayer by sending the promise of £1,000. It would be cheering to know that the wealthy of our own city did more to help the perishing around them, and thus break their hidden 'alabaster boxes' in their lifetime, so that the odour of a life well spent might 'fill the house.'" If the reports which reach us of the medical evidence respecting the moral condition of "Birds' Nests" elsewhere are correct, the odour that fills homes like those of Mr. Quarrier's is a foul odour of vice and immorality beyond compare. And what else can we expect? But we hope to return to this subject in a future number of *THE MONTH*, at present we can only recommend the facts before us to our readers' notice.

A member of the Ursuline community at Thurles, who has already done good service by her translations and other literary labours, has compiled a Gem for every day in the year for our

³ *Our Destitute Catholic Children and Mr. Quarrier's Homes.* *Glasgow Observer* Office, 43, Mitchell Street.

Lady's casket.⁴ The "gems" are sentences from some saint or spiritual writer, or author of note, and have appended to them good resolutions suitable to each. We hope that many lovers of Mary will deck themselves with these beautiful gems in the appropriate setting of the good resolution, which is to adorn the wearer in honour to our Lady.

The practical holiness of St. Ignatius Loyola furnished during his lifetime countless means of sanctification specially his own. His letters and his conversations abound in these maxims of heavenly prudence. A French writer has selected from these one for every day in the year,⁵ and Miss Chetwode has translated them into English for English readers. They are most varied and beautiful, and we select a couple at random—

No created thing can give the soul joy equal to the joy of the Holy Spirit.

Treat sinners as a good mother treats her child when sick; she bestows on him many more caresses than when he is in good health.

The Catholic Truth Society, among its other useful labours, is publishing a *Penny Library of Poems*.⁶ The first number contains a collection of some twenty poems suitable for children of all ages, some distinctly religious, others not. We would fain quote a few extracts, for some of these poems are very beautiful, but as the price of the whole series is one penny, we hope that our readers will buy it for themselves. For reading to children in the dim twilight, or as a reward for industry, after lessons or Sunday school, these poems are admirable.

*Among the Fairies*⁷ is not what is commonly understood by a fairy tale; it recounts the wonders seen by a little girl who, in her dreams, makes an expedition under the guidance of an obliging fairy, into the realms of Fairyland, Gnomeland, Lake-water, Oceana, and all the various subterranean regions inhabited by the elves or "little folks," the idea of whose existence seems one of the most ineradicable of popular beliefs. Imaginative children will unquestionably be highly delighted with the

⁴ *To-day's Gem for the Casket of Mary, from her Congregationalists*. Compiled from various sources by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

⁵ *Maxims and Counsels of St. Ignatius of Loyola for Every Day of the Year*. Translated from the French by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

⁶ *The Penny Library of Poems*. No. 1. Catholic Truth Society, 1886.

⁷ *Among the Fairies*. A story for Children. By the Author of *Alice Leighton*. London and New York: Burns and Oates.

novel and surprising experiences of the adventurous little damsel, but we think they will be almost as much mystified as amused by a great part of what she heard and saw on her travels, and the extraordinary personages she met with. Many allusions to existing institutions and good-humoured sarcasms on the fashions of the day, scattered throughout the pages, are apparent to one who knows how to read between the lines, but these will be unintelligible, at least without a considerable amount of explanation, to the mind of the juvenile reader.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for September opens with an article from the pen of Father Lehmkuhl on the amelioration of the state of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, which has been brought about by the wise concessions of the Holy Father, through whose enlightened and pacific policy, the present year, instead of proving calamitous, as was predicted, is one of peace and joy for the children of the Church. Nowhere has the struggle of the secular power to possess itself of the right of investiture been so persistent and continuous as in Germany, and whether the accommodation now effected will be permanent remains to be proved. At any rate, the Catholics of the Empire may rejoice that a definite promise for the proximate revision or abolition of the May Laws has been obtained, and that the Government has agreed to content itself with the right to veto the appointment of any person to an ecclesiastical post, provided it can show the nominee to be obnoxious to public peace and order. The recent appearance of Leo the Thirteenth in the character of arbitrator in European matters recalls the occasion, three hundred years ago, when Gregory the Thirteenth was called on to mediate between Russia and Poland. Father Arndt gives an historical account of the transaction, being induced to do so in justification of the action of the Holy See, the pacification then concluded having been represented by a large majority of historians as a Papal plot for the ruin of Poland. Astonishment has often been expressed by missionaries at the resemblance between Buddhism and Christianity, and the recent impulse given to the study of Oriental languages, and the translation of Buddhist writers, has brought the subject before the notice of Europe. This resemblance is, however, merely a

surface similarity ; nothing, we are told in the *Stimmen*, can be more fundamentally opposed to the doctrines of Christianity than the system of Buddha, whether viewed as a popular religion or a philosophical system. A sketch of Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*, is given, which is most misleading, since what he finds so beautiful in Buddhism are the Christian ideas and maxims he reads into it, and does not find in it. The leaders of the *Stimmen* will be glad to see Father Baumgartner again contributing an account of his travels. We heard of his departure for Iceland ; he now tells us how, being unable to find any vessel to convey him direct to Norway, he had to follow the former route of the Vikings, *viâ* the Faroe Isles, where the pause of a few hours enabled him to bless the last resting-place of one of the few Catholic inhabitants who had passed away since his former visit there, seven weeks previously. He gives an amusing account of how he helped to select a pony at Edinburgh, before starting from Tynemouth on his way to Norway.

The right whereby the Epistle of St. James holds a place among the canonical books of the New Testament has frequently been disputed. External and historical evidence is unquestionably of little value if, as some assert, its teaching can be proved to be at variance with that of any other canonical writer on any point of Christian faith or practice. This question the *Katholik* proposes to consider in a series of articles, the first of which takes the doctrine of St. James as to the nature and being of God, and His relation to His creatures. An important point of moral theology, upon which some difference of opinion exists, is also discussed in its pages, viz., the granting or withholding absolution to penitents who have relapsed into sin. Dr. Mayer concludes his careful essay on the *Vita Antonii* of St. Athanasius, completely vindicating its authenticity and its value as a history of the origin and development of monachism. We have besides a brief but able article on the evil of modern scepticism, as bringing a discord into the harmony of the universe and creating enmity between man and nature ; the writer observes that although it cannot be denied that the perception of the several senses is incomplete and sometimes deceptive, yet the senses are intended to correct one another, and reason is to interpret sensation.

The "one thing needful" for Italy, according to the opinion expressed by modern Liberals, is national unity, and to obtain this it is absolutely needful that the Revolutionary Government

should have possession of Rome, whether the Pope remain there or not. "Which," asks the *Civiltà Cattolica* (868, 869, 870), "is most necessary to the world at large, the unity of Italy or the liberty of the Papacy?" The guarantees, it proceeds to say, offered to the Pope on the unjust usurpation of Rome were useful only to justify the action of the Government in the eyes of Europe: the liberty of the Pope consists in resisting these guarantees, and waiting until Italy recognizes that in the Vatican there resides the true friend, not the enemy of her national aspirations and interests." The "one thing needful" for Italy, therefore, is to restore to the Papacy its rights, since the Roman question is the canker at the root of its national prosperity. The subject of hypnotism still occupies the attention of the *Civiltà*. It is said to be a mysterious and unnatural malady of the nerves artificially produced, of which the cause is unknown. Some suppose that it is produced by the transmission of an impalpable fluid from the magnetizer to the magnetized, or the excitement of a part of the brain not usually called into action: the cause of the singular phenomena, which, being dependent on the will of another, disappear as suddenly as they are produced, must, however, be sought in a different sphere to that of physiological science. In many instances, these experiments prove permanently injurious to the nervous system or mental powers of the persons acted upon. The series of interesting and instructive essays on the rights of the Church concludes with a short article on the nature of Concordats and the manner in which they differ from political treaties. The Concordat is defined as an agreement between the civil and ecclesiastical powers in order to determine their respective jurisdiction or maintain points of ecclesiastical discipline. Unlike national treaties, it does not deal with temporal matters, nor is it concluded between equals, each acting in his own right, since the Pope is the representative of Divine power and acts as such. The natural science notes contain some details respecting the use of peat, which is not merely a combustible, but when powdered an excellent disinfectant and deodorizer; its fibres, too, when washed and dried, are valuable as bandages for wounds. The practical utility of the study of natural science is also illustrated, and some instances given of the action of organic electricity in animate and inanimate creation.

Prospectus.

Sumptibus ac typis B. HERDER, bibliopolae - redemptoris, Friburgi
Brisgoviae prodierunt:

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS.

AUCTORE
AUGUSTINO LEHMKUHL,
SOCIETATIS JESU SACERDOTE.

CUM APPROBATIONE REV. VIC. GEN. FRIBURGENSIS.

In 8°. (XXIV et 602 p.) M. 7 = Fr. 8.75; dorsum corio religatum
M. 9 = Fr. 11.25.

Theologia moralis ejusdem auctoris in duos tomos distributa ante duos annos primo in lucem prodiiit et, quum semel atque iterum paucorum mensium spatio numerosae editionis exemplaria divendita essent, jam tertio recudi debuit. Quoniam vero, quum primum illud opus apparuit, brevior etiam tractatio, quae scholis majora afferret commoda, in desiderio esse coeperat, auctor ad eam etiam conficiendam sese parabat, et Deo dante breve *Compendium theologiae moralis* nunc absolvit.

Omnem tractandi methodum rerumque divisionem eandem, quam in opere majore secutus est, auctor ita retinuit, ut caput cum capite, paragraphus cum paragrapho fere conveniat. Quae autem in priore opere uberius explicaverat et argumentis stabilierat, in hoc *Compendio* brevissime, quantum fieri potuit, contraxit atque statim cum reliquo textu conjunxit, ita ut continuo tractu et ipsas res principales et earum rationes atque explicationes necessarias tradiderit conscriptas.

In uno igitur mediocri molis volumine lector integram theologiam moralem nervose explicatam inveniet cum omnibus fere quaestionibus practicis, iisque etiam ex jure canonico, liturgia, theologia pastoralis, quas in majore opere tractatas habet; pro uberiore autem capienda eruditione et intima rerum notitia remittitur ad ipsum opus majus ejusque numeros marginales. Quare illud pro copiosiore studio et pro profundiore intelligentia eorum, quae confessario scitu necessaria sunt, deserviet; pro prima autem institutione eorum candidatorum theologiae, qui breviori tempore ope professoris in nostra disciplina instrui debent, et pro adjuvandis iis, qui, in cura animarum toti occupati, ad reco-lendam theologiam moralem adeo necessariam furtim tantum temporis particulas quasdam impendere possunt, hoc erit *Compendium*.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS

AUCTORE

AUGUSTINO LEHMKUHL,

SOCIETATIS JESU SACERDOTE.

Editio tertia ab auctore recognita.

CUM APPROBATIONE ARCHIEP. FRIBURG. ET SUPER. ORDINIS.

2 tomi in 8°. (XXXV et 1648 p.)

Pretium in Germania, sine expensis transportationis M. 18 = Fr. 22.50.

Volumen I. Continens thelogiam moralem generalem et ex speciali theologia morali tractatus de virtutibus et officiis vitae christianae. In 8°. (XIX et 792 p.) M. 9 = Fr. 11.25; dorsum corio religatum M. 11.40 = Fr. 14.25.

Volumen II. Continens thelogiae moralis specialis partem secundam seu tractatus de subsidiis vitae christianae cum duplici appendice. In 8°. (XVI et 856 p.) M. 9 = Fr. 11.25; dorsum corio religatum M. 11.40 = Fr. 14.25.

Duobus his voluminibus lector universae theologiae moralis tractationem integram habet, etiam iis partibus completam, quae sive ex quaestionibus juris canonici, sive ex pastoralis theologia confessario usui esse debent. Quum enim theologia moralis practica sit oporteat, id sibi auctor proposuit, ut, quae pro praxi interni fori confessario scitu necessaria sunt, omnia complecteretur.

Methodus atque tractandi ratio ea est, ut plerumque brevibus principiis atque thesibus in quavis re summa capita et praecipuae doctrinae contineantur, sequatur plenior singulorum explicatio et declaratio, qua res propositae tum rationibus uberius comprobentur, tum exemplis et practicis applicationibus illustrentur. Ex una igitur parte auctor studuit omnem materiam vel ad inconcussa principia reducere, vel rationum pondere et auctoritate probare, idque brevius aut longius tum pro rei gravitate, tum pro maiore incertitudine, in qua quaestiones controversae versentur; ex altera parte singularum quaestionum uberrimam copiam congegit atque ad scientiae trutinam revocavit, quo nec solidae doctrinae nec practicae eorum, qui theologiae moralis studiosi sint, institutioni deesset. Atque haec ipsa ratio erat numerum librorum, qui de theologia morali tractarent, augendi, ut videlicet utrumque elementum, quantum fieri posset, conjungeret, et scientificam rerum evolutionem et practicam earum applicationem. — In diversarum opinionum selectu maxima ratio habita est SS. Thomae Aquinatis et Alphonsi Ligorii, praeclarorum illorum Ecclesiae Doctorum, neque tamen ita, ut aliorum opiniones negligerentur. Si quando vero propter novas temporum circumstantias quaestiones novae discutendae erant, visum est, id, quod auctoritatis deesset, rationum momentis, ut fieri potuit, supplere.

**Pauca referemus ex iis, quae quam plurima folia periodica
de I. et II. editione hucusque iudicaverint.**

„Le P. Lehmkühl vient de réaliser un désir depuis longtemps exprimé par tous ceux qui veulent étudier les grandes questions de la morale dans leur ensemble philosophique. Nous avons sous les yeux le 1^{er} volume. Le plan de l'ouvrage, à en juger par le volume paru, n'a pas à redouter la critique du logicien le plus exigeant.

„La méthode de l'auteur est de tout point excellente pour un manuel à l'usage du clergé engagé dans le saint ministère. Le P. Lehmkühl a su éviter les deux extrêmes dans lesquels sont tombés presque tous ceux qui ont composé des *Compendium* de morale; les uns, en développant outre mesure les principes, ont négligé les détails et les cas particuliers; les autres ont donné trop de place à la casuistique au détriment de la théorie. Notre auteur a pris le juste milieu; il a si bien résolu la difficulté que, ne le cédant en rien à Gury, si même il ne le dépasse, pour l'abondance de la casuistique, il l'emporte sans conteste sur son confrère par la solidité des raisons qu'il allègue dans les cas de conscience et surtout par l'enchaînement et l'exposition des principes d'où il fait découler les solutions des cas particuliers. Dans les opinions controversées il s'attache de préférence à St. Thomas et à St. Alphonse de Liguori. Quant aux questions nouvelles qu'a fait naître p. ex. le socialisme, il les traite avec force arguments, en même temps qu'il dit des choses fort remarquables sur d'anciennes questions telles que le Probabilisme, la Coopération, le Prêt et l'Usure. Inutile d'ajouter que l'auteur a su tenir compte, comme son point de vue l'exigeait, des questions de pastorale et de droit canon intimement liées avec la théologie morale.

„Quant aux détails d'exécution et de forme ils sont soignés avec un esprit de méthode et d'analyse presque raffiné, ce qui rend l'étude et la consultation de notre manuel d'un usage extrêmement profitable et facile. Aussi bien nous l'affirmons, sans crainte d'être démenti: l'ouvrage du P. Lehmkühl ne demande qu'à être *connu* pour avoir droit de cité dans les Grands-Séminaires ainsi que dans les presbytères.“ (Le Moniteur de Rome. 1884, Nr. 48.)

„Une nouvelle théologie morale, écrite en latin par le R. P. Lehmkühl, de la Compagnie de Jésus, a été épuisée en quelques mois. Rien de surprenant du reste: car l'ouvrage se distingue par sa méthode logique, par l'harmonie qui existe entre le développement des principes et la casuistique. Il égale au moins Gury pour la partie théorique, et pour l'application, la solidité scientifique et l'opportunité, cette nouvelle théologie morale nous semble même le dépasser. Les questions sociales modernes entre autres y sont prises en considération, de sorte que ce livre est tout à fait à la hauteur du temps et de ses besoins spéciaux, et que non seulement il promet de devenir le *vade-mecum* des prêtres qui exercent le saint ministère, mais aussi de remplacer le Manuel de Gury pour l'instruction des jeunes lévites dans les séminaires.“ (Revue littéraire [L'Univers]. Paris 1885, juillet.)

„Father Lehmkühl has completed his noble work sooner than we dared to hope, when we reviewed the first volume in January. At that early date, before we had had the opportunity of noting the friendly criticisms of other Catholic reviews, we gave it the large meed of praise, which it certainly deserved. There have since come to us from Italy and Spain, from Germany and Austria, from Ireland and Holland, the weightiest and most flattering testimonies to the thoroughness, soundness and practical usefulness of this new text-book, *all agreeing with our main contention that Father Lehmkühl was running a winning race with all other competitors*. Several of our esteemed foreign contemporaries have been content with echoing the Key-notes of our humble utterances, and two at least have done us the honour of quoting the words in which *we said the book would mark an epoch in Moral Theology*. . . .

„We put down the *magnum opus* with a feeling of mingled regret and satisfaction: regret that we can say so little in comparison with its merits, and thankful satisfaction that it has been granted to us to take in at a glance the perfection of the Catholic system, which can thus more or less directly evolve from the first principle of Ethics, 'do good and avoid evil', so symmetrical and cohesive an organism.

... In so perfect a development there would surely be, for Aristotle and minds of like grasp and balance, a strongly persuasive presumption that the religion which could produce such a presentment of its ethical doctrine must be true."

(The Month. 1884. August.)

"F. Lehmkuhl has just brought out the second volume of his Moral Theology, the first of which has been warmly welcomed everywhere. Professors as well as students have long felt the need of a textbook of Moral Theology which should combine a solid explanation of principles with a moderate amount of a casuistry. Viewing F. Lehmkuhl's work from this point only, *it must be pronounced to be far superior to any text-book we have hitherto possessed in this department of theological studies*. . . . A noteworthy and pleasant feature of Father Lehmkuhl's treatise is the absence of any polemic element; his closely reasoned work is not interrupted by perpetual fighting against adversaries. . . . Again, the author is entitled to our gratitude for his clear elegant latin, which makes it a real pleasure to read his pages. It is worthy of note that there is perhaps not any burning question in matter of morals which F. Lehmkuhl does not duly examine. . . . His second volume is occupied with the Sacraments. *And here our author shows himself to be eminently a practical man*. After laying down with admirable lucidity the principles of doctrine, he is able to give solid advice to missionaries and confessors."

(The Dublin Review. 1884. October.)

The Very Rev. William Caven, St. Peter's College, Patrickhill, Glasgow writes in his letter of Oct. 13th. 1884: "I value it very much, and I make continual use of it. Every one speaks highly of it, and it is becoming the Class-book in all our Colleges."

"Véase por aquí con cuánta claridad, exactitud y precision trata el P. Lehmkuhl la teología moral, por lo cual es de esperar que su libro alcance merecido éxito. Pues aunque abundan los libros de esta especie, fuerza es confesar que hay muchos que, ó non se fijan bastante en la explicacion de los principios, ó suelen explicarlos más de lo debido *more casuistico*. — Añádase á esto que el autor nada omite de lo que el sacerdote necesita saber en la practica y en el cargo de confesor, al contrario de lo que hacen otros autores, que relegan muchas de estas cosas al derecho canónico ó á la teología pastoral."

(La Ciencia cristiana. 1884, 15. Febrero.)

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(La Civiltà cattolica. 1884, 3. Maggio.)

Regatus a pluribus, ut pro eorum, qui priores editiones Theologiae moralis sibi comparassent, commodo et utilitate ea in unum colligeret, quae in subsequentibus editionibus addenda vel mutanda putasset, hisce votis auctor obsecundandum esse duxit. Quare exceptis rebus levioribus, quae doctrinam practicam vix tangunt, paucis paginis ea, quae sive in II. sive in III. editione mutaverat, exhibuit s. t.:

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